A Change of Direction at Buffet Froid

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A Change of Direction at Buffet Froid

by justsimplymeagain

Summary

Embarrassment was not a common emotion experienced by one Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Yet standing there staring at a normal brain scan result, embarrassment was all he experienced.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal sat confidently beside his current unofficial patient and potential friend, one of which that does not come along often enough. It was rare for Hannibal to find someone who was interesting and dare he say, worth his time. But that was what one Will Graham was, worth his time. And attention both for his mind and the new possibilities that mind was gifting him, with Hannibal's silent assistance of course.

Dr. Donald Sutcliffe on the other hand, was not a valued individual in the scheme of things. He was however, useful. For the moment. So it was for that reason Hannibal sat in his office that looked like it cost a lot of money, but where money did nothing but flood the room with cheap imitation of power and order. It was seriously lacking, much like it's owner. Dr. Sutcliffe himself, a vain man who was brilliant in his own right. However, Hannibal could not look past the fact that he was rather rude.

And that just won't do in the least.

“You're in very good hands. Dr. Lecter is the sanest man I know.” Dr. Sutcliffe said, words sugared and played at being honest. Flattery at it's most desperate.

“I would agree.” Not that Hannibal had to say this, least of all to Will. Will already trusted him impeccably well. So on that note, Hannibal added, “Dr. Sutcliffe and I were residents together at Hopkins.” It was good to give Will a background that could be used and work with. It would help build his compliance in places Hannibal required Will to be compliant.

“Another life ago. When you didn't mind getting your hands dirty.” Dr. Sutcliffe went along with Hannibal, adding on when it was not entirely required. However, Hannibal would not complain. The good doctor had one thing wrong though, Hannibal had no problem getting his hands dirty when required of him. In fact he was planning to do just that when the time came, the vain doctor would be improved with a much wider smile after all.

“I was always drawn to how the mind works. I found it much more dynamic than how the brain works.” This was not a lie by any stretch, Hannibal truly did find the mind fascinating. It was what drew him to Will. That and the threat the younger man posed to his freedom. A challenge.

“The projected image is more interesting than the projector until the projector breaks down.” Not exactly, Hannibal would disagree with that because a broken machine could be interesting in its rights. However, this was not spoken or hinted upon as Hannibal watched his vain associate address Will, “Any family history of brain disease?” No, Hannibal already looked for that for the sake of making his research more detailed. One must never leave loose ends in any project that one takes up.

“Not that I'm aware of.” Will's answer, his voice strained with the fever and with fear.

“I guess we'll find out. How about accidents, head traumas? Even if you've had a slip and fall?” Dr. Sutcliffe at this point has taken on a more professional standing, Hannibal was

satisfied to let that carry on. He watched with the mask of mildly concerned friend. An easy mask to wear, he has had practice.

“I had one or two violent encounters. Basic blunt trauma.” Will's answers were truthful and the boy no doubt was gripping onto the hope of something physical being wrong with him no doubt. It would make sense, because then Will would have some easy fix to his problems and worse for Hannibal it could ruin potential research and a possible becoming.

“Ever check for concussion?” Dr. Sutcliffe asked. Hannibal could guess the answer was no, Will did not like people talking much less touching him when he could avoid it. It made it easier for Hannibal in the long run. No one thinks to keep an eye out for the introvert who rubs people the wrong way after all.

“No.”

“You will be today. When did the headaches start? In earnest?” Dr. Sutcliffe asked. Hannibal knows this answer too. But waited to jump in, he will do that after Will.

“Two to three months ago.” Will offered as an answer, here was Hannibal's chance to push the conversation lightly. Planting seeds where he needed them to be planted. So he calmly explained, “About the time Will went back into the field, which is when I met him.”

“The hallucinations?” Dr. Sutcliffe no doubt taking the proper note to the words spoken, remembering it and no doubt will repeat it come the future should it be needed by the good agent Jack Crawford.

“I don't know exactly when they started. I just slowly became aware that I might not be dreaming.” Will answered, his words again were honest, and Hannibal could not stop the curiosity that knocked on the forefront of his mind. Anything regarding Will and his magnificent mind was something that could easily drive him to be curious. It was like being young again.

Nearly intoxicating.

Hannibal accompanied both the doctor and Will as the paper hospital gown was handed out and what was going to happen was explained to Will. It was only when Hannibal was in the observation room next to the room Will currently waited for his scans in. Laying as still as the fragile minded man could, no doubt hallucinating or going to. There was no recording device here, no one to listen in.

“It's encephalitis.” Hannibal stated while turning towards the diplomas on Sutcliffe's wall. Hannibal was so sure of this, he could smell it on Will. In him, surrounding him. It was a very luring scent for Hannibal, more so than he remembered fevers of any sort being. Sickness was not something he often found alluring.

“That's your pre-diagnosis?” Dr. Sutcliffe sounded skeptical at that, and the man was not aware of what Hannibal has found out or could smell. Not yet anyway, back when they did go to Hopkins together Hannibal was careful to hide this fact from everyone.

“Yes.”

“Based on?” Dr. Sutcliffe wanted answers, and his question allowed a lot of room for a vague answer or a very complicated spelled out one. Hannibal went for the former first because it was always best to start vague, hold information at bay until it becomes even more useful.

“I could smell it.” Hannibal's answer was frank and to the point. Honest because it was the truth.

“Your sense of smell has gone from calling out a nurse’s perfume to diagnosing autoimmune disease.” Dr. Sutcliffe sounded increasingly skeptical. He had called Hannibal a good guesser when the situation with that nurse came to be. It was okay; it only helped him keep that part of himself hidden all the easier.

Ignoring the skepticism for the moment, Hannibal carried on with his explanation and using further information to back his claim, “He started sleepwalking, and I noticed a very specific scent.”

“What does encephalitis smell like?” There was more curiosity than the scepticism that the good doctor has found in regard to the current topic. Hannibal could work with that, where there was curiosity there was opportunity and a way in should it be needed.

Hannibal gifted him with an explanation, albeit a simple one, “It has heat. A fevered sweetness.”

“If you suspected, why didn't you say something?” Dr. Sutcliffe's curiosity was replaced by cautious concern. But there was something lacking, it made the potential of getting what he wanted from the doctor before him slightly easier.

“Had to be sure. Symptoms began slow and gradually worsened. Yesterday, I asked him to draw a clock. This is what he drew.” Hannibal stated, words as normal were confident as he skipped to the right page in his notebook to show Dr. Sutcliffe the dali-esque drawing of a clock with the numbers improperly placed to the right side of the misshapen circle. Hannibal was patient as Dr. Sutcliffe regarded the drawing with a critical eye.

“Spatial neglect. Headaches, disorientation, hallucinations, altered consciousness. He’s got all the tell-tales.” Pointless for Dr. Sutcliffe to say, Hannibal was well aware of all of this. But once again, as it goes, Hannibal did not say a word to indicate any of his already awareness of the symptoms or more importantly why he has not done a thing or said a word about it sooner.

“It’s so rare to be able to study the psychological effect of this type of malady on a person’s mind.” Hannibal was aware that his own words were now starting to borderline cold and calculating rather than concerned friend. And this was okay, Dr. Sutcliffe was already too far in to get out unscathed and Hannibal was able to find a way out of this situation should it be needed without a sign to show of any guilt there might be.

“More rare still to study the neurological effects.” Dr. Sutcliffe pointed out. Hannibal was more than aware of this, in fact this was what made it exciting. The rareness of this

opportunity. It was far too good to pass up lightly.

“A doctor has to weigh the ultimate benefit of scientific study.” Hannibal calmly said, noting the look he was receiving from Dr. Sutcliffe so Hannibal thought it prudent to add, “Even in these times, we know so little about the brain. There are great discoveries to be made.” Hannibal calmly said and was pleased when he took note of the consideration he was gifted by his old associate.

With both of them relevantly on the same page, Hannibal casually watched as Dr. Sutcliffe carried on with the procedure as though this was perfectly normal and nothing was amiss.

~ Next Section ~

What Hannibal expected Dr. Sutcliffe to say gone somewhere along the line of, *“The entire right side of his brain is inflamed. It’s Anti-NMDA receptor encephalitis. Symptoms are going to get a lot worse.”* And it would have made sense because this was what Hannibal has smelt and his sense of smell was far greater than everyone in the general area of Baltimore and perhaps even further beyond that.

But that was not what the vain man said.

“I don't know what to say, maybe you sniffed too much of those spices you cook with. But the scans are clear. He's normal, at least physically.” Dr. Sutcliffe's words were clearly dipped in amusement and the end statement implied something else was wrong with Will mentally rather than physically like the younger man's scent alluded to. However, that was not what Hannibal was focusing on, could focus on. It was the amusement. The mocking even if it was only in jest. Not something meant to be taken seriously by anyone in this room.

Amusement was the last thing he felt, in fact if he was a lesser man his face would be red with outrage and worse than that embarrassment. It was well known to himself at the very least that embarrassment was one emotion that was not common for Hannibal to experience, yet here he was standing near a far too amused Dr. Sutcliffe staring at a normal brain scan. Embarrassment was the only emotion that seemed to be able to be registered. The rage has yet to kick in, directed towards Dr. Sutcliffe for the amusement and mockery Hannibal has found in his presence and at Hannibal's expense.

“Relax Dr. Lecter, this is good news. Your patient is okay, this means the ball's in your court and you're one of the best psychiatrists out there.” Dr. Sutcliffe added no doubt noticing the lack of humour found in Hannibal. He was back tracking and as amusing as it was to see at times, today was not a day for Hannibal to find amusement in such situations.

But still, there was work to be done and things to be handled. He put on a mask and openly appeared to have shrugged whatever Dr. Sutcliffe might have seen off. He gifted the man with a smile and polite words. Behaving as though relieved at the notion that Will Graham was doing okay physically at least.

“Will and I will figure this out.” Hannibal reassured Dr. Sutcliffe as they waited for Will to get dressed after informing him of the good news, or what was deemed to be good news on

Dr. Sutcliffe's position. The man was completely flabbergasted at the lack of relief found in Will. To Will this confirmed that there was something wrong with him mentally.

And even that seemed a bit off for Hannibal, up until recently Will Graham was perfectly fine mentally speaking. Excluding the extraordinary imagination and empathy the man was gifted with. But that was never seen as something negative in Hannibal's opinion, it was what allowed Will to see people and what made it possible for Hannibal to consider the man to be a potential friend. Because this was someone who could see him for the first time in what felt like a very long time.

It took some time to reassure Will that everything was okay, that Hannibal will help him figure this out. They could work with this, now that they had somewhere to start properly. Will was not convinced and it showed, there was some rudeness in his responses. But some allowances could be made, Will was rude when afraid. And there was a clear constant string of fear in his fevered scent. It took up until they arrived back at Hannibal's house for the man to calm down. Reassured enough that he can get through this, the promise of food was also something that helped lure the man inside.

He was much too thin as it was, Hannibal would have made a sound of disapproval at that, but Will would have taken it worse then what it was intended. So with a reassuring smile, Hannibal had the man clean up while Hannibal went through the usual motions of creating a meal out of raw ingredients.

In fact, now that Hannibal was taking Will's physical appearance and health into further focus now that his mind was cleared of any possible problems on the physical spectrum at least. He was much too thin, no doubt sharp curves and angles hidden under layered clothing. And this was even after Hannibal has been feeding him properly. At least a meal or two a day when it was possible. Even with missed days, Will should have at least more meat on his bones than this.

Curious and more curious.

For the first time since this situation started, a genuine pulse of hope could be felt in him. But before he that could get out of hand. Hannibal catalogued Will Graham's symptoms.

Loss of weight.

A fever that had Hannibal assuming it was Encephalitis. There was the symptoms that went with that of course. Sleep walking, seizures and hallucinations naming a few.

Will did seem exhausted most of the time. Stress could be blamed, but it would not be the sole cause. Lack of sleep would be another factor of course.

With all that in mind, Hannibal decided to lay out a test for this theory. His direction and intentions temporarily shifting in his ongoing hobby found in Will Graham, but Hannibal had to be sure. So he found a recipe that would require meat to be more raw than it normally would. Not something he would consider cooking for someone's who's health was fragile as it was.

The special organ for tonight's meal was lung. Already cut up to hide it's identity should someone get a bit too nosey when visiting his house. Fresh and only harvested a day ago. The body has yet to be found and that was fine. Hannibal required the time to see for sure, he could not have Will being called off to play bloodhound for Uncle Jack. Hannibal made note to slice the meat into thin sheets before he moves any further.

By the time Will managed to work himself into bringing himself back out into the open Hannibal had the meal nearly finished. Hannibal greeted him with a smile and indicated that the man was to sit and relax, Hannibal had this under control and Will was both a friend and a guest.

“What have you made up today?” Will managed to ask, there wasn't as much fear in his scent now that he has calmed down some. The boy was trying to be polite and show interest in what Hannibal has put together. Such efforts were commendable.

“We are having Bo Tai Chanh, a Vietnamese dish. Normally thin sheets of beef lightly marinated in citrus and topped off with chiles, onions and peanuts. I had to improvise unfortunately and use veal instead of the normal beef I would have preferred to use for such a dish, you will have to forgive me for this.” Hannibal calmly stated, making sure it was known that he had to improvise and that he could have possibly made a mistake. Bring himself down a level and more approachable for Will. It would do well for Will's comfort and willingness to eat and be at ease.

Hannibal needed him to be relaxed; it would make scenting and watching reactions and symptoms all that easier.

It took a bit to coax him into eating it when Will realized the meat was raw. But he did, and Hannibal took a moment to enjoy the outcome of that small victory. The effects the raw meat would have to be noticed quite soon if not immediately after consumption of the meat if this was what Hannibal figured it would be.

Five minutes in, Will was no longer using manners as he ate as fast as he could. Barely chewing and nearly ignoring everything on the plate, but the meat. Under normal circumstances Hannibal would be disgusted and outraged, insulted beyond words to see someone eating like a pig at his table. But seeing this and in the setting Hannibal has created Hannibal could only feel elated.

Here lies a chance of having a proper lifetime companion who was like him and not just in mind like Hannibal thought previously.

Will Graham was showing the signs Hannibal should have recognized having gone through them himself.

This wasn't a fever or insanity.

This was change. Change into something better, more evolved and supreme to the pigs and meat walking around outside those doors.

Will Graham was a newly becoming Wendigo.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

From the moment Hannibal has found out about Will Graham and his unique situation. Hannibal was forced to rethink everything and make the decision to stop pushing Will's buttons regarding the regular doses and the flashing light placed carefully throughout his office, he needed to flush the man's system of all prescription and unofficial prescriptions in order for Hannibal to really get a handle on the man's failing health. Next to put a stop to would be the aspirin, but that could and will come when Will was completely in Hannibal's explicit care.

Another thing he would have to figure out. Considering the requirements of Will's upcoming meals, it wouldn't be prudent to have Will within Hannibal's house. The amount of fresh meat that he would have to feed Will and bring in would eventually bring about unwanted attention, and Hannibal has survived this long without raising too much attention to himself in that manner. So other arrangements might have to be made.

Perhaps Will's house? It was secluded, and the familiar territory and scents would be a comfort. Will's dogs would be fine; it won't be there flesh the young one would hunger for.

There was knocking at his door and Hannibal knows for a fact that he did not have any set plans for hosting anyone tonight, preferring to spend it alone to properly think things over and set plans in motion that he wasn't aware that he had to up to this point. So naturally, Hannibal was cautious as he moved towards the door. Scenting what he could, but unable to get a proper scent through his door.

Needlessly said, it was a surprise to find Will Graham there with none other than Abel Gideon at gun point.

“Will, what are you doing here?” Hannibal was genuinely curious and his concern as mild as it may have been was honest. However, he knows a gift horse when he see's one. Up to now he has been wondering what he could do and use in order to take Will from Jack's heavy handed care and into his own. This could be the perfect situation to use, the icing on the cake if you will.

Taking control of the situation, more so than what man Abel Gideon would think, they ended up at Hannibal's table in the dining room. Abel was rightfully sitting down, and Will was seeking his help. Very close to a nervous breaking point. Hannibal won't stop it, but he won't allow it to get far too out of hand. Will put himself between Hannibal and Abel, but it was unnecessary. Hannibal was naturally stronger than both Will and Abel.

“I didn’t know where else to go. I’m... I’m having a hard time thinking. I feel like I’m losing my mind. I don’t know what’s real.” It was an admission of trust, to come to Hannibal in such a situation. Something that Hannibal knows will come in handy later on, it was a

subconscious trait now and even if Will got angry with Hannibal later on. Hannibal was confident that the trust would still be present so Hannibal could keep hold of the situation.

Playing the part, Hannibal tried to start an exercise that reminded Will of what time it was, who he was and where he was. Unfortunately and perhaps fortunately, Will did not care about that. Didn't care who he was and was more concerned on whether or not Abel Gideon was real, only it was becoming obvious as the situation carried on and more words were said in frantic and desperation, it was not Abel Gideon that Will was seeing.

It was Garret Jacob Hobbs.

“Who do you see?” Will asked, desperate and searching for an answer to prove that he wasn't insane or falling into a black pit of insanity. Hannibal would have loved to reassure the boy, but right now what the situation required was tough love and a careful hand at reassuring his own goal of taking Will from a harmful situation in the long run until Hannibal has the young one's health carefully tended to.

“I don't see anyone.” Hannibal stated, Abel was looking rather concerned and confused. He wasn't the only one, Will's confusion reached new heights, tears were starting to form and the scent of fear became heavier in the air. Hannibal fought not to scent it. Will made a decision to fight with Hannibal about the matter, insisting that Garret Jacob Hobbs was really there. Hannibal had to keep to his own story. It was not an easy thing to do, Will was rather agitated. Understandably of course.

“Please don't lie to me.” Will's words came out as pleading and the desperation nearly choked the words. This was a man falling apart, but if patient he will become something far better. Hannibal silently promised and reassured him of this, but unable to voice that reassurance Hannibal carried through with his current decisions regarding Will with a calm, “Garret Jacob Hobbs is dead. You killed him. You watched him die.” Hannibal neglected to say that Will shot him nine times, that was something you rarely if at all, survived from. They saved Garret's daughter together.

Hannibal's attention was quickly drawn from inward recollection to the fact that Will was now holding his head, desperate in his attempts to no doubt ground himself to reality. Hannibal wondered how that was working, no doubt horribly.

“What's happening to me...” Will was in so much need at the moment. Abel was wise not to move or say a word.

“You’re having an episode. I want you to hand me your gun.” Hannibal couldn't have it going off accidentally, it wouldn't serve Hannibal's purposes, and it wouldn't help Will's situation when it came to his mind. There was no compliance. Instead Will shook his head before shudders, going still. It didn't take long for Hannibal to determine that Will was having a seizure, it was not enough to cause serious damage to Will. And in the end, there was nothing he couldn't fix with time and patience.

So instead he turned his attention to Abel Gideon, stating what it was only to have Abel point out unnecessarily, “That doesn’t seem to bother you.” And it did concern Hannibal, but there was other priorities to be dealt with and one didn't include cuddling a man who was too

unaware and trapped for the moment to realize he was being comforted. Hannibal could repair that damage later if it was required.

For now, he focused on the man claiming to be the Chesapeake Ripper. This was a situation that could deal with more than one thing Hannibal needed to be dealt with, all thanks to Will coming here. The gun was removed from Will's hand and carefully cared set aside the moment Hannibal determined that it would not be required.

“Are you the man who claimed to be the Chesapeake Ripper?” His words carefully chosen and carefully decided on to reveal himself to Abel Gideon, no one would believe this man and if things worked out as planned then there would be one less fraud in the world. But sadly it will not be by Will's hand. For that he would need Jack Crawford, but later. For the amount of identity confusions thanks to one Doctor Frederick Chilton, Abel was still intelligent enough to pick up on Hannibal's words. It was something Hannibal was thankful for, he hated having to repeat himself and simplify his already easy statements. Possible intelligence or not, it did not stop the simple question of, “Why do you say claimed?”

“Because you’re not. You know you’re not and you don’t know much more about who you are beyond that.” His own words were facts and if this didn't inform Abel on who was actually who at the table Hannibal owned and now decided to sit at, seated across from Abel by choice. Continuing with a calm and perhaps slightly patronizing, “A terrible thing to have your identity taken from you.” And it was, but Hannibal was not someone who was aware of how this felt first hand. He has seen it in his patients from time to time at this point.

“I’m taking it back one piece at a time. You should see the pieces I got out of my psychiatrist.” Hannibal has hoped for nothing less, and so on that note he decided to direct the man into another direction that would only serve Hannibal's needs in the long run. He truly did like Alana Bloom's presence, the world was better for having the young woman in it. However, sacrifices had to be made.

All the same, as Hannibal pointed Abel in her direction, he hoped Jack would get there in time to prove to be something more than mild entertainment and dinner guest to speak with.

~ Next Section ~

By the time Will came back from whatever nightmare his mind trapped him in during this latest episode, Hannibal was there. Of course he pleaded with Hannibal to not lie to him, something Will hated when people did. It was a curse for Will because he could always find lies in people, everyone except for Hannibal. So far he hasn't spotted the big lies that Hannibal hides from everyone.

“What's happening to me...” Will's words sounded so small compared to what Hannibal was aware of Will being capable of in normal circumstances. This was the time for him to play caretaker for Will. Before this point, it was a necessary evil. Hannibal watched as the man drifted inward while staring off into the distance, eyes no doubt searching but not seeing anything of great importance.

So Hannibal drew the man's attention back to him. Making sure Will could hear him before moving forward.

“Repeat after me.” Hannibal's voice was designed to be genuine in his patient care for the unstable man, “My name is Will Graham.” And Will repeated without a beat, beautiful in his willingness to trust and follow Hannibal's direction.

“Raise both of your arms.” Hannibal instructed watching as Will carried through with that trust and do exactly what Hannibal told him to do. Seeing what he needed to see, Hannibal pushed them gently back to Will's sides. Every touch made was gentle so that he did not spook the man with heavy handedness. Next came the instruction to smile, something Will wasn't fond of doing but did all the same. It was a broken thing that would have people's hearts aching. But not Hannibal, this was only a temporary state and it will be improved in due time.

Strokes could be one of the long listed symptoms for a Wendigo in a state of change, especially when starved as badly as Will was. Strokes, seizures as well as other things. Strokes were the worst outcome, and Hannibal has already known from the start that this was not that. If it was, he would not have wasted his time with Abel Gideon. Being that it was a seizure, it was something that could be handled.

For Will's sake, however, Hannibal informed him, “It wasn't a stroke. You may have had a seizure. Tell me the last thing you remember.” Will would take his words as truth. He was too fragile to do so otherwise. Weak and waiting to be made into something stronger as his body and existence are healed.

Unsurprisingly Will's answer was, “I was with Garret Jacob Hobbs.” Hannibal had to inform Will of what this was, another thing that would help Hannibal in the long run. The more people he informs, the better the chances would be that Hannibal could get what he wanted in regards to Will's well-being.

It took a good five minutes of back and forth to get Will to relent on some things, once that was finished Hannibal insisted on making tea and lacing Will's with a mild sedative to keep the man from going too far. It wouldn't serve him well to let Will chase after Abel Gideon. So any mention of Alana was forbidden from coming out of Hannibal's mouth. His next move was to text Jack Crawford.

Hannibal never liked texting anyone on his phone; it was always more prudent to speak or give proper written invitations. However, in this case, it was a necessary course of action.

He would write his letter of recommendation as soon as Will was asleep and tucked back into his own bed at Wolf Trap.

~ Next Section ~

If there was anything Hannibal could say about the good agent, was that Jack Crawford did not waste time. It was the main reason why Jack was now standing within Hannibal's kitchen, angry and pacing. There was an open envelope in his hands, Hannibal's letter of recommendation regarding the well beings of one Will Graham. Granted the time was not right for a psych evaluation, but it would not be ignored all the same and now was officially on record. No doubt Alana Bloom has heard at this point, she survived thanks to quick action

made by Jack Crawford that nearly cost Abel Gideon his life. A development that Hannibal was most pleased with, he just had to keep her away from Will for the time being.

“I don't understand, when I brought Will to you. You said that he was suitable for active field service.” Jack insisted, the original recommendation was in Jack's grasp as well. Surely the man could see that it was now outdated, understand that things of course change and situations along with that. Setting a cup of coffee in front of where Jack now stood, never let it be said that Hannibal was a horrible host. A nod of thanks was all he got for his efforts, Hannibal gave him a pass though considering the duress the man was under at the knowledge that he will be losing his prized agent.

“It is as the letter says Jack, due to the constant stress of field work and his mind. Will Graham was pushed towards a state where I fear for his safety. As his psychiatrist, unofficial or not, I made a tough call.” Hannibal said, making sure to empathize Will's safety. The last time Jack became too careless with one of his team's safety was a young agent named Miriam Lass. Believed to be a victim of the Chesapeake Ripper and in a sense she was. Only it was not because she discovered who Hannibal is but what he was that got her killed. It was evident that she passed through Jack's mind as well, just as Hannibal has hoped that she would. Useful even after death.

“I understand the stress, but there has to be another way. I need him to help me find out who the Chesapeake Ripper is, and there's other killers out there that he's currently trying to track down. Lives are at stake.” Jack pushed and Hannibal found it more amusing than anything. Trying to play on Hannibal's conscious in return, there was just one problem. Hannibal did not care for the lives that were at stake or the other killers that Jack was using Will to catch. Really the man has became too dependant on Will Graham for his own good.

“What about Will Graham's life? Jack, you are far too reliant on him to catch your killers. But each killer from Garret Jacob Hobbs to the Ripper case has come at a great cost. Each one chipped away at Will's state of mind leaving him in a state that he is now in. Insomnia, sleep walking among other things. What will happen to you, to Will if the next time he loses touch with reality he hurts someone? Or hurts himself even? What I am doing is to benefit a good person. Do not fight this.” Hannibal will not back down, not now when there was so much to be had. Jack would just have to understand and come to a realization that this was a fight that he could not hope to win.

“I spoke to Will.” Hannibal really wished that Jack didn't just say that, but said nothing of it as Jack continued, “He didn't even know you're doing this. Probably feels betrayed and angry for it. I promised him that I would come and talk to you. Try to change your mind.” A foolish promise to have made, but it would only work for Hannibal's benefit because this would be one more failure that would weigh heavy on Will's mind and from someone the young man obviously trusted. There was now the matter that Hannibal would have some work cut out for him, regaining Will's trust because of Jack.

A trespass that will be dealt with in due time.

“I am sorry Jack, but I cannot bring myself to do go back and change my mind regarding Will. I would not be able to live with myself knowing that I put a man back out in the field where he could get himself or others hurt in the long run.” Hannibal said, making eye contact

and making sure his outward expression matched the tone of voice that was used when speaking. And it was working, despite the anger Jack was showing he was relenting. Though any ground that was given was done so begrudgingly.

A heavy sigh through the nose and Jack finished the coffee, giving a hallow compliment regarding it before passing the cup back. Heavy in thought and the weight of this situation seemed to have the man's shoulders slightly lower than normal. It was also viewed as submission in another part of Hannibal's mind.

Hannibal redirected the conversation and turned it towards Jack and his home life and situation regarding his wife. That was part of the stress behind Jack's drive. The man was not only trying to catch killers because that was something he could control and make happen, the same could not be said about his attempts to save his wife. Make her fight for her life and save her. It was fascinating that he was putting so much onto his job in a desperate manner to have something he could control the outcome of.

If only the man knows the real reason for his wife being as sick as she was. Something Hannibal has found out and dealt with. She was no threat to Hannibal or what he was. After all, it was one thing that all Wendigo's shared in common, the need to keep what they are unspoken and silent. The sheep does not need to know when wolves live amongst them. Every symptom she has could be explained by one simple thing.

She was a Wendigo in the process of dying because of her choice to not eat and at this point in her lifespan, there could only be one outcome. Death. It was beautiful to watch and made more tangible because of the reason she has chosen death. And that was love; she loved her human husband so very much.

The topic did not stay there, not that Hannibal expected it to. Jack was always uncomfortable when it came to speaking of the state of his wife and his life. Which was perhaps part of the reason Hannibal keeps bringing it up in the guise of a concerned friend.

“What am I going to say to Will?” Jack sounded defeated and angry at that defeat, but the man no doubt seeing the reason behind Hannibal's choice now. And so long as it remained like this, Hannibal could live with it easily enough.

“You leave Will to me. I can handle it.” And this was how it was supposed to be from here on out. Hannibal reassured Jack that he would make sure that Will would not feel too much resentment regarding Jack's inability to change Hannibal's mind regarding the young agent's recommendation and well-being. Little that Jack knew of the true intentions behind all of this.

Hannibal saw Jack to the door, apologizing and reassuring the man that Hannibal had this under control. That everything will be okay and hopefully one day Will would be able to re-enter the field with a sound mind again. Jack was hopeful, but not convinced. Sometimes it was difficult to appease the man, a fact that Will always seemed to try to do. Something Hannibal will have to put a stop to as well. Jack was meat in the end, although meat who Hannibal did not mind at times.

It wasn't until he was sure Jack has driven off before turning his attention back to his own kitchen. Pulling out carry containers and filling them with raw meat. A set of lungs, a liver and kidney. It wasn't much and cleaned out Hannibal's fridge well enough. Setting them in a larger carry container Hannibal used ice to keep them protected as Hannibal packed a few other things. Clothing, wine as well as personal hygiene products. Both for himself and for Will, it was all natural and quit expensive but worth it.

Hannibal had every intention of staying for a short time. With everything set Hannibal set off towards Wolf Trap Virginia. Where he hoped Will was if not then Hannibal would wait for his inevitable return to his house. With a thought, Hannibal stopped at a butcher shop for sausages for the dogs. Treat the dogs right and with care, Will would be more welcoming to at least let you linger around in his house.

Chapter End Notes

So we made it past another chapter, hopefully the characters are believable. And from here on there won't be many references to the rest of Season 1 or 2 because Hannibal has taken another route in what he decides to do regarding our dear Will. That and neither are human.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was in the late evening by the time Hannibal arrived at Wolf Trap, along the way he had to replenish the ice he used to keep his containers cold and protected. But that was a small price to pay. Hannibal was well aware that Will had a sufficient fridge at his home, and a decently stalked kitchen should Hannibal require anything other than the ingredients he brought along. In the trunk of his car sat the rest of his supplies, medication should it be required as well as restraints if Will becomes too unruly for Hannibal to maintain. The boy was after all starved and unaware of what he was. If he knew, surely he would have done something to tend to his own failing situation beyond medical check ups and insisting upon them.

It was a matter that Hannibal would have to be sure of. But later.

For matters of Hannibal's personal life, he made sure all of his appointments were cancelled for the week pending further notice should more time be required. But by then, Hannibal hoped to have the matter under control. So for the upcoming week, Will would have his full and undivided attention. He has also sent word to Abigail to make sure she did not try to escape and visit Hannibal at his home or his office because he would not be there to greet her. The young girl was only human, not an ounce of something more to her. But she held a purpose, she was to be a gift to share with the previously thought to be human Will Graham. A human Hannibal was near content to call his equal. However, now that truths were known about Will and his previously thought to be Encephalitis, Abigail Hobbs is not as required as she was beforehand. Because now Hannibal could create something between himself and Will that was much stronger than a bond created through a life saved. Will and himself, they were kin after all.

It would only be a matter of making Will see this, and Hannibal was sure that he will.

Parking his Bentley, Hannibal took note that every light was on in the house and no one inside apparently. In the fields surrounding the house there was the sound of dogs barking and moving about. It only served as information that helped Hannibal come to the conclusion that Will was outside and no doubt talking a walk. Making the house seem like a boat to make himself feel perfectly isolated and safe. Something Hannibal would help repair in Will, when the time comes he will learn to find that same safety and comfort in Hannibal. It was only a matter of time.

Turning his vehicle off Hannibal exited the car and listened. Beyond the sounds he was already aware of, there was nothing to be heard. There was no sign that Will was aware of his presence. No sign of the dogs coming to greet him, something they are known to do when company shows up. Carefully closing the door he walked around, looking and scanning the dark fields for any sign of the man or the dogs.

Nothing.

Hannibal could call out to Will, make his presence known. Walk loudly, carelessly even so that again Will could become aware of his presence. Or he could hunt the man down in silence, decide which course of action to take once Will was found. Make himself known to Will then or put use to the sedative that Hannibal slipped into his pocket before exiting his car? Tipping his head up slightly and inhaling through his nose, Hannibal waited for a clear picture to be made known to him. Location was the preferred information to gain. It took years of practice to learn how to use his own nose as efficiently as he can now.

It has taken Hannibal years to become the hunter and predator he has became, much longer given the civilized cover the world now blankets itself with. So with skills honed throughout the year, Hannibal took careful steps that he made sure didn't disturb too much of his surroundings. The last thing he wanted was to step on a twig that the dogs might have tracked into the field. It took him a total of fifteen minutes to even locate Will who was a surprising distance away from his own house. Nearly touching the treeline that kept his house carefully tucked away and safe from prying eyes. With a slight frown as the only thing to show his disapproval with, Hannibal observed Will. Not making a move to hide himself away or catch Will's attention. If Will looked slightly to the left, he would see Hannibal, the light from the house would be enough to give Hannibal away in shape and suit.

The dogs that were closes sniffed at Hannibal's heel and made no move beyond that, they were aware of Hannibal's presence and who he was. He was here enough for them to not see him as a complete threat. Whether they thought of him as human or not was something Hannibal would have to look into later.

Five more steps forward, no sign of awareness gained from Will. It made Hannibal bold enough to wave his hand in front of Will's face, snap his fingers near the man's ear. It was determined that the man was either asleep or trapped in another episode. Testing the air with deep inhales through his nose, it was determined quickly that Will wasn't in threat of another seizure or had one recently. Taking his pulse Hannibal decided on his next course of action. Pulling the syringe from his jacket he carefully took hold of Will's arm and grateful that the man came out here without a jacket, though Hannibal might have words with him about that later. For now Hannibal injected a dose of mild sedative that should keep him out for the rest of the night and relaxed. A state he needed Will in before Hannibal got to work in regards of Will's state of health.

With careful handling, Hannibal carried Will back to the house and satisfied with the lax state of the boy. It made getting him into the house and set on the bed considerably easier than it would have if there was any sort of tension that could have came if Will remained awake or aware. Gathering the dogs was easier than Hannibal would have thought. The promise of food and having there master in the house was enough. Counting seven Hannibal closed the door behind himself as he moved back to his car and gathered the rest of his supplies.

With everything in a selected spot, Hannibal locked Will's front door and found himself a spot to sleep for a few hours. Sleep was still required even in Wendigo's. Though Hannibal personally could get away with little if it was an absolute must and this week might be testing his limits.

The phone was unplugged and removed and Will's cell had it's battery removed and hidden away in the glove department of his Bentley along with Will's car keys. Will would truly be isolated. The only phone that works is Hannibal's and it was one that he would keep on hand along with keys to the Bentley. There was also the matter of making the man see reason when he wakes up.

With one last look at Will, Hannibal was glad he was a light sleeper and would wake the moment Will stirs enough to make noise. With the sedative in his system, he would be clumsy enough to make the required noise to alert Hannibal of his awakening.

~ Next Section ~

Hannibal woke the next day to a surprise. One that he did not count on and it came with the click of a gun. He has miscalculated and that was something that did not happen often and it left a foul taste in Hannibal's mouth as he opened his eyes calmly to stare up the barrel of the FBI issued Glock Model 22. From where he sat, Hannibal could see the sheer uneasiness in Will. He was having trouble keeping up the energy to stand straight and point the gun properly. His limbs no doubt still heavy. There was also the sign of distress in his eyes.

How did Hannibal not hear Will getting up and getting his gun from where it was stored? A mistake that will not happen again, no matter which way his current situation goes. Mistakes like this could very well cost him his life or his freedom, which in the long run could be the same thing.

Hannibal moved lightly, preparing to greet Will. An action that only caused Will to move his finger on the trigger, ready to squeeze. A bitter sound came from Will at this point, it couldn't be classified as anything beyond that. Hannibal knows what this means, Will saw what was in the fridge and probably put two and two together regarding Hannibal. However, the younger man is missing some important facts. Ones Hannibal will have to inform him of, just not quite in the manner that was originally planned.

Hannibal watched as Will pulled out handcuff's from where he tucked them into his pants and dropped tossed them into Hannibal's lap. It was a silent order of put them on, one Hannibal obeyed because right now he had to take control of the situation and that would not come about with refusal.

“To the chair leg?” Hannibal asked politely after getting one secure around his left wrist. A sharp nod was his only answer. Beyond that one sound, Will has yet to say anything. Hannibal made sure his movements were slow as he secured the other cuff to the chair's leg. It was an uncomfortable way to sit, but it seemed to relax the nervous man enough that his finger was now off the trigger once more. Will was trained and knows how to handle a gun, so Hannibal trusted him to not accidentally fire the gun. It was now that Will moved enough to sit on the corner of his bed, gun still trained on him though so Hannibal made no move otherwise. To Hannibal's left was the fireplace. But that was next to irrelevant.

“W-Why is there lungs and other organs in my fridge?” Will finally forced out. Words carefully said and each practically dripping the bitterness the man was now feeling. To find out that someone he trusted and thought of as a friend was not who he claimed to be. And yet, Will truly had no idea just how deep the secrets go with Hannibal. Secrets he would

share one day, especially the ones beyond what Hannibal is. And Hannibal in turn will learn and possess every secret of Will's. A bitter laugh crept up out of Will, he really was not taking this well. Not that Hannibal expected him to, and it was about to get worse.

“My phone is missing, car keys and I can't use the land line to phone out. I could hot-wire my car though, but couldn't open any of my window's or door without making too much noise. You trapped me here, why did you do that?” Will continued, hurt and betrayal clearly heard in his voice and Hannibal wondered that the issue of Hannibal's recommendation would now take a permanent backseat given the situation that good Will now found himself in. Hannibal wondered where the dogs were for a moment. Something that was answered with the sound of scurrying above them. Will put his dogs upstairs. Out of the way, in Will's mind perceived as safe. Protecting his family from the former friend and now seen as a threat and was now handcuffed to the lone chair.

So now, Hannibal is left with a choice of how to handle this situation. A choice was all too clear to him.

“Did you eat anything, Will? When you discovered what I placed in your fridge.” Hannibal asked, opening the door for this conversation by addressing what Will first said this morning regarding the organs in his fridge. Hannibal had to smile as he watched the emotions shift in Will.

Disgust. Confusion. Anger. It was clear that he also felt a bit sick.

It was not the greatest to work with, but Hannibal was resourceful, and there were emotions that he could work with. Hannibal also trusted that Will still trusted him to some point at least subconsciously. After all, Hannibal practically trained Will to trust him.

“Why would I eat that? It belongs to people, people I was trying to get justice for. Victims of yours. Why would I eat anything human?” Will sounded as distressed as he looked about what they were talking about. And the matter of who Will thinks Hannibal hasn't even been brought up. If anything it was the unspoken thing hanging over both of their heads.

“Because you have nearly every time you dined at my table for one thing. But that is not what is most im-” Hannibal was using this conversation to open the next door to this conversation and make sure it goes in that direction. Only he never got to touch on each topic that was deemed important due to a rather impromptu and rude interruption. It was a good thing that this was Will and not anyone else.

“How! How is that not important?” Will's demand was noted, but it would not be addressed right away. Rude behavior had to be corrected first.

“Interrupting someone is quite rude Will, regardless of who you are I will not abide by such behavior.” Hannibal chastised, Will seemed to seethe more at being chastised than he would no doubt want to admit. Not that it mattered to Hannibal at the moment, instead he continued as though he never chastised Will and was never interrupted in the first place, “What is important is this, when you saw the meat in your fridge. Knowing what it was. Did you feel hunger?”

“What?” Will sounded confused at this like he couldn't understand what Hannibal was asking him this or why it was being asked.

“Where you hungry Will?” Hannibal repeated, patience was required and if that had him repeating a question than very well. It was something that had to be done.

“No!” Yes. It was clear that the answer was yes, but Will was not at a point to admit that. But he will, in due time he will admit that he was hungry. That he is hungry. Hannibal could help him manage this new found hunger that will last with him for the rest of his years. The same hunger that drives Hannibal to hunt.

“Are you sure Will, because I don't think you're entirely sure about that.” Hannibal made sure his voice did not come out as mocking as the words could be perceived as. It wouldn't suite him well at the moment. Instead he just tried to make eye contact with the man who refused him that courtesy. But it was to be expected, Will never liked eye contact with anyone and it's usually a victory when the man makes it up to your cheek bones or nose. Making it appear that he's making eye contact to those who are too ignorant to know the difference.

“I'm not!” He was. Hannibal was sure of it, the uncertainty was there and Will was unable to hide it. Hannibal let him have a moment, let him think it over in his mind while shifting slightly to gain some comfort that he could with having his left arm pointed towards the floor thanks to the handcuff's that held him in place for the moment. The slight hunched over position he was sitting in was not one he preferred or considered even remotely comfortable, to be honest he could not understand why some would not sit properly instead of the improper posture that people often found themselves in.

“I'm not.” This time Will said it to himself rather then Hannibal who sat there watching as the man's eyes fluttered back and forth quickly while pieces were shifted about in that beautiful mind of his. Hannibal wisely kept silent as Will was trying hard to convince himself at the moment.

“When was the last time you ate something and felt satisfied Will? The last time you felt remotely healthy and like yourself even for one moment. One second.” Hannibal made sure his voice was quiet but still audible for Will, a quiet approach would not startle the man too badly with a topic that he obviously was not prepared to be facing or thought to be facing at all in his life. And to be honest, this was a better outcome for Will than what Hannibal originally had planned for him. A note in the back of his mind was made to hide the evidence he planted in Will's house to pin the copy cat murders on the frail and changing man.

Will opened his mouth to answer, no doubt one filled with snark and attitude or an outright lie.

“Think carefully Will and do not lie to me, I can tell when someone lies to me. Much like you can and much like you I do not appreciate being lied to.” Hannibal cut off anything Will would have said, and yes Hannibal was aware that this could be viewed as rude, but it was a necessary action to take. He had to remove any and all excuses out of Will whenever it was possible in order to address the matter Hannibal was here to address. He had to remove the fight from Will to force Will to only see reason and if that was Hannibal's idea of reason than so be it.

Either way, Will would be better for it in the long run.

“You're not making any sense? What are you trying to even say, what are you implying?” Will stood up at this, paced and Hannibal watched him and the emotions go through his face again. It was Will's lack of attention that allowed Hannibal to quietly reach down and pick at the cuff that was locked around the chair leg. It was something that was easier than Hannibal expected and given the fact that the man's distress made for a few mistakes, it was easier than it would have been otherwise.

“You're implying that I'm a cannibal?!” Will blurted out, words coming quicker than normal and practically choked with disgust and distress. Hannibal found it mildly offensive, to imply that they were mere cannibals when they are so much more. But, he forgave Will for this because the other did not know what he was and what he was capable of.

Hannibal waited until Will's back was to Hannibal before he moved, and because of what Hannibal is, he was quick enough to move and quiet enough that Will was not aware of what was happening until Hannibal had him restrained with one hand and his other taking hold of the gun placing one of his fingers behind the trigger so it couldn't be squeezed and go off accidentally during their struggle. The sound of a struggle had the dogs upstairs distressed and scratching at whatever door they were trapped behind. Will was adapt to struggling, skills earned and gained from his training from his job as an officer in New Orleans and the tests he had to go through before officially working in the field for Jack proved to make it difficult for Hannibal to keep a good hold on him.

So Hannibal went with instincts and as barbaric as it may seem, it was needed.

Hannibal sunk his teeth into the juncture between Will's shoulder and neck. It was enough to get the taste of Will's blood and shock the man with both pain and surprise enough to drop the gun and freeing Hannibal's second hand enough so that he could wrap it around Will to restrain him even more. Not that he needed to restrain him, the bite itself had Will holding still. Despite any instincts Will may have had that would have him struggling or fighting against Hannibal, the man held still. Not moving an inch and barely breathing. There was nothing in Hannibal's saliva to aid this, just the shock and location. A bite to the juncture between shoulder and neck was a good way of gaining some form of compliance from another Wendigo, but it would have to be hard enough to cut into flesh and it won't last long.

Sure enough, Will struggled again, Hannibal stopped biting and simply kept as tight of a hold as he could with his arms.

“No, Will. I am not implying that you are a cannibal. That we are cannibals.” Hannibal finally said as he backed up as best that he could so that he could easily sit down and use his legs to assist in restraining Will.

“Then what? What are you implying then!?” Will forced out, anger was the only thing Hannibal could hear at the moment. Any other emotion that Will was feeling at the moment took an immediate backseat while he kicked up a fuss only to find that it was futile given the grip Hannibal had. Though Hannibal had to admit to himself, it wasn't easy despite his superior strength to a changing and practically starved Will.

A humorless laugh broke free from Will as Hannibal managed to get them both down so that Hannibal was sitting, using this new position to gain a greater hold on Will.

“Then what, what are you implying? That I'm not human, or what? What are you saying?” Will was near hysteria at this point. It was a hard thing to push Will Graham's level of fear up to this point, rudeness was just one symptom of that fear. Hannibal wondered how many times in the man's life did he face moments of hysteria and how long it took for him to come down from that and return to a more normal state for the man.

Hannibal waited until he fell to silence and settled enough for Hannibal to speak without struggling with the man to keep him still enough to listen.

Once Hannibal was satisfied with Will settling down long enough to listen, he gave Will an answer and probably not the answer the man was seeking, “I am not implying anything, merely trying to inform you that yes you are not human. We are not human. What we are, what you're changing into is something as old as the human race. A Wendigo.”

Of course, Hannibal wished this conversation and reveal had come in better circumstances and more controlled environments. But if there was anything Hannibal could say about himself was that he could adapt to the situation. He will take control of the situation from here on out, and Will would learn to listen and adapt to what he learns.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope this chapter is good, this version is about the fourth version I wrote up. And I'm curious if you guys would just want the notes I'm coming up with regarding the Wendigo in this little 'verse?

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I hope this chapter is enjoyable and sorry it took so long to finish.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham sat on the corner of his bed, clearly in distress and clear confusion was evident on the man's face. Will always did have an expressive face and eyes, if you knew how to read him properly. Something Hannibal prided himself with, but then he was always good with reading people. Figuring out what they want, how they want it and when. It gave a good starting point for Hannibal to use for his benefits whether in a simple conversation or one of his schemes that have yet to be discovered by the proper authorities.

Hannibal was standing, positioning himself at the front door. It left him open to block Will's path and in turn cut him off if he decided to go anywhere else. If Hannibal moved quick enough, and it was something he was sure that could happen.

“A what?” Will's words were quiet and anxious, a clear sign of disbelief was also clearly seen within that small little statement. Not something that was completely improved on, but Will is just a young and confused Wendigo who's in the process of change that he clearly does not understand. No one explaining it to him or even telling him what he is, a notion that was not something to happen often and was in fact quite rare.

“A Wendigo.” Hannibal repeated, it was not a habit he had. Repeating one's self often. But this was a situation where it is required and wholeheartedly needed. It was clear Will was having trouble with accepting a hard swallowed truth. But one must not blame someone who had the honest ignorance to his dilemma. It would be both unsavory and rude, a show of poor upbringing to put it mildly. And despite what Hannibal is, he was not brought up with such ill manners.

A hard shake of the head was Hannibal's response before Will got up and paced back and forth. His face showing an increasing amount of emotion. Anger. Disbelief. Confusion. Denial. There was also the usual fear and anxiety that was laced near permanently within Will and his scent.

“You're insane. That's the only thing I could come up with. You're insane, and you're a murderer. Those, those are human organs in my fridge. Cut up and packaged for eating.” Will's voice was shaky, but there was a firmness to it that Hannibal could respect, even when broken down Will was a strong individual who could hold his own if given the means to do just that. It was also what made it okay for Hannibal to accept the fact that this man slipped by him not once but twice to hide his dogs and get his gun. All without waking him, not an easy feat to do.

It just proved to him that this was the perfect companion to keep and have for the future.

But pushing the hope down and instead focusing only on the situation and the disappointment at the fact that Will was not easily accepting what could only be the truth. A soft sigh from his nose, audible enough for Will to hear and empathy to allow the man to understand the emotion put into that simple action. It was something Will hated, being faced with disappointment from someone he no doubt considered a friend.

Something Hannibal hoped would play in his favor. If not, then the hunger Will would be feeling in increasing amounts as his body changes and tries to provoke Will into taking care of himself. Another defense from the body to try to provoke Will into surviving, the final small defense when illnesses and unsatisfying meals don't work.

A shake of the head to say no when words failed was the only response gained before Will stormed into the kitchen. A response to the situation, a form of flight you could say. Will wasn't fighting at the moment, and that was a good sign. In the back of his mind, Will knows that his hunger and not being able to feel full was two signs his magnificent mind would point out as truth to go with Hannibal's statement.

But that meant nothing, Will was someone who was good at denial and resisting even at the cost of his own well being.

Still, there was only so much resisting that could be done until you are faced with only the truth. Listening carefully Hannibal listened for a door or a window being opened, when he gained nothing more than the fridge opening and closing Hannibal made the decision to enter the kitchen as well. The table set was simple but efficient. It suited Will, Will always did favor the simple things. Including the meals he ate, Hannibal always made sure the meals were simple as to not overwhelm Will's sense of taste.

Taking in the sight of Will trying to take off the hinges for the door that was the direct entrance to the kitchen from outside, easy and useful for a farmhouse Hannibal figured. All the same, something had to be done regarding Will's stubbornness. Hannibal made his way to the door, cautious as to not get himself caught on the other end of the butter knife that was being used as a tool. It was not as sharp as other knives, but with enough force, it was enough to cause damage. And Will in this state could cause damage.

Cataloging the scene for a few minutes before latching onto Will's upper arm and pulling him away from the door. Only one of the door's hinge pin was removed thankfully. The boy must have been stubborn to manage to avoid the need for a hammer to assist. Still, with only a butter knife Will didn't do too badly in removing the pin. In the end, however, it does not change the fact that Will Graham was still fighting him. Still fighting what he was and insulting Hannibal's every well meaning by trying to flee.

And worse, Hannibal felt insulted. But this was not the time for irrational behavior on his part; this rebelliousness is nothing more than the act of a child ill tempered and confused. Will struggled with Hannibal as he was pulled towards the table and physically pushed into one of it's chairs. A scrap of a chair on the floor was the last sound to be heard before silence fell between the two.

As rude as this action could be viewed, it was another necessary evil. Lingering at Will's side and hovering over him was another. Purposely placing himself there and making sure Will understood that for the moment, he had no ground to stand on. This may be Will's home, but it was Hannibal who was the one in control of everything going on within these walls. Hannibal trusted Will's empathy to see that clearly no matter how much the younger man may dislike it.

“Put the butter knife on the table, unless of course, you intend to stab me with it. And if that were the case you would have done so by now.” Hannibal calmly stated, eyes narrowing in on the butter knife clutched in a firm grip. His words left no room for fighting because they both were well aware that if Will wanted to cause harm to Hannibal, it would have been done the moment Hannibal took hold of Will's upper arm to pull him away from his attempt to escape.

Will's compliance did not happen right away, no doubt debating his options and eyeing Hannibal's stomach for the target should Will decide to go with the notion that attacking Hannibal was in any way a good idea.

Five minutes passed and just as Hannibal considered physically forcing Will to comply the butter knife was stiffly placed on the table. Will did not look at him and made sure to physically look away from Hannibal. And this was okay, some allowances were to be made for now.

“Thank you.” Though this might have been considered adding insult to injury at this point. A snort only confirmed it. It was rather uncouth behavior, and that was something Hannibal was not entirely fond of in Will, but still everyone has there own set of flaws. Hannibal knows without a doubt; he has his fair share of flaws. His curiosity being one of them.

Sitting down next to Will, crowding him and forcing Will to focus on Hannibal even when the younger man wasn't looking at him.

“I am not insane, Will. This is the truth. I am a Wendigo, and so are you. I understand that this is hard for you to accept and perhaps understand. That is why I am here -” Hannibal explained, this was the third time he had to tell Will what they are. But perhaps at this point, it might just start sinking in as the truth, and Will would accept it though he may be slightly resigned to it at first.

“To help me.” Will interrupted, Hannibal frowned at the intentional rudeness. And at this point it his disapproval must have been loud for Will despite not a single word being spoken given how the man shrunk away momentarily. Knowing that Will was aware of his rudeness and Hannibal's disapproval of it was the only thing that kept Hannibal from verbally reprimanding Will. Instead, he merely confirmed that he was there to help Will through this.

From there Hannibal carried on explaining to Will why he was so sick and what was the cause of it.

“I'm not – I'm not going to eat human flesh.” Will said slowly almost as though he was choking on the words as they came out. Hannibal could imagine that this was hard for the younger man to accept but at least he was starting to accept what he was to some point. Now

all Hannibal had to do was get him to be okay with it and willing to eat. At least the eating part would be the simple part, hunger would take care of that, and Will has already had the taste of human flesh lingering on his tongue.

“You already have, nearly every meal I cooked for you has a variety of lung, kidney or liver.” Hannibal explained calmly, and aware that his words might be perceived as cold. But sometimes the truth was a chilling companion. It was a necessary thing because Will at times responded better with the cold truth than warm lies. After all, this was a man who pleaded with Hannibal to not lie to him. So he wasn't.

From what Hannibal could see, it seemed like Will was going to be sick. It was swallowed down with determination as Will fought hard to make eye contact with Hannibal, declaring that he won't eat human flesh every again. But Will would have to understand was that it was the meals that Hannibal made for him that kept Will from succumbing to his starvation to the point of death.

“You will.” These two words was the only retort Hannibal gives to Will.

“I won't.” Will fought. Hannibal stood up at this and left the kitchen, trusting that Will would not attempt another escape the same way again and so soon. So instead Hannibal set out to taking care of the dogs that seemed to have sensed the distress in their master and could not settle upstairs. Hannibal was not fond of dogs, but he would not allow that to rule him simply because these mangy strays were not simply dogs. These were the companions that kept Will company in his chosen isolation.

Hannibal knew that for the moment Hannibal had to wait on Will's hunger to get the best of him with the fact that the man now was fully aware of what he was and that there was something edible stored in the fridge. Starvation would be noticed now and would not be silenced. And this time, Hannibal will not be caught unaware.

~ Day 1 ~

The air was thick with anxiety and distress along with the underlining of hunger that thrummed and throbbed like a steady pulse. One that matched the steady beat of Hannibal's very own heart. The hunger was something they both felt, it was a trait that was found in all Wendigo's no matter how old or how young they were. The hunger that could not be satiated. But it could be controlled, a finely crafted skill Hannibal has honed after so many years.

Will ate food but never meat. Under Hannibal's supervision the man would wander outside and play with his dogs. Find himself in the barn fiddling with things there, but nothing truly productive in Hannibal's opinion. It was all a ploy to stay away from Hannibal. Not that Hannibal allowed it to carry on for long, always reigning Will back into the house with his dogs where he would try to get the man to eat.

Five times today Hannibal has tried to get Will to eat at least a bite of meat. But stubbornness was still ruling Will's decisions, and each time the man refused. At first, he tried to refuse Hannibal politely, but by the time they came to the fifth time, it was a rather rude refusal. Hannibal was not entirely appreciative of that, but rather than reacting as he would anyone else Hannibal simply treated it as an adult would respond to a child's tantrum.

~ Day 2 ~

The second day was filled with more anger and distress. Hannibal dealt with this with as much patience as he could, but there was a limit even for Hannibal, and by mid afternoon he clashed with Will. It was only Hannibal's superior strength to the starving Wendigo before him that kept the fight from turning too physical. But let it never be said that Will Graham was someone who was a push over or wholeheartedly submissive. Where he may not win physically, he would strike out both mentally or verbally.

The silence was almost deafening for Hannibal who happened to enjoy the thought provoking conversations he had with Will. Hunger was the only thing that drove Will from secluding himself in his mind and forcing him to fidget and move because of his inability to settle. When he did, Will would sleep walk and Hannibal would have to fetch him without fail. The scent of the fever was still strong underneath Will's skin and driving Hannibal to distraction.

He considered force feeding as a plausible action to take; it was something that was done for humans who starved themselves.

~ Day 3 ~

By the time the third day came, it was clear to Hannibal that the hunger Will was feeling was so great and so loud that Will could no longer ignore it. The hunger had Will's stomach ache with a need he now knows his body wants and his brilliant mind unfocused. Hannibal took note of that and made sure to feed the dogs in Will's place, something the man would appreciate when he comes back to himself to some degree and finds himself improved.

Hannibal watched as Will poked and moved things around on his fishing lure desk, idle fingers made fidgety by the lack of ability to focus himself. This would be the time for Hannibal to enact his control now that Will's hunger would be more than enough to weaken the resolve that Will had at the start of this journey. So with a sure mind, Hannibal took one of the table chairs upstairs and set it down before returning to Will's side.

“I am sorry for this Will.” Hannibal said before trying to put Will into a straight jacket, a feat that was far from easy. Weak and starving Will might be, but he was still a fighter and it was hard for Hannibal to control every one of his limbs. This was harder simply because Hannibal wanted to avoid using any sort of drug that could have had Will in a more co-operative state.

It took a total of an hour to get Will restrained and bound in the straight jacket, all the while ignoring the insults and escaping Will's attempts to bite or kick him. But in the end, Hannibal managed to have Will bound and exhausted from the fight he put up. If Will was properly fed and eating, this would have been considerably harder than what it was. And for once Hannibal was thankful for the upper hand gained with Will's starved state.

Hannibal remained half sitting, and half crouched on Will's hips while the man laid face down in what Hannibal could assume was an uncomfortable position with the straight jacket on. Will's glasses were knocked off during the struggle leaving the man's eyes unprotected and open to see more than what he would no doubt want to. Hannibal gently brushed the hair out of the man's eyes as best that he could given what position they were currently in.

“This is for your own good Will, the meat in the fridge is no longer edible. I have to go and get more.” Hannibal explained calmly as he eased his weight off of Will and moved himself so that he was crouched next to Will who rolled to his side and faced Hannibal all the while refusing to make eye contact.

“You mean you're going to kill someone.” The bitterness that was heard in Will's voice did nothing but make Hannibal sigh, one day Will would not be so concerned with his human morals. The same morals that had Will starving himself purposely for the past three days.

“No.” Hannibal corrected as he hauled Will up to his feet and started to lead him upstairs ignoring the anxious pacing and anxious sounds the dogs were creating. Hannibal's pace slows for Will's sake all the while explaining what was going to happen. At this stage of Will's decrease in health, the best treatment would be fresh meat from the source. Something Will was not entirely pleased with, but the fight left him exhausted, and his hunger had Will slowing the pace upstairs as he tried to crouch down in hunger pains and misery.

It wasn't easy getting Will to sit down in the chair, but Hannibal managed it and had the man bound to it. Of course as expected, Will struggled. Hannibal restrained his feet to the legs of the chair and left the room ignoring the insults and threats that followed after him. Hannibal had things to do, places to go and dinner to fetch.

With a phone call, he checked to see where everyone was, all to make sure that no one would make any impromptu visits to see how Will was doing. Once satisfied Hannibal continued onwards to his destination of Dr. Sutcliffe's office. To be honest, Hannibal at one time found himself wondering how much of an improvement it would be if he gave the arrogant man a mouth to match the man's inability to remain silent. Memories of how the good doctor could not keep silent while they both were residents to Hopkins.

It would take careful movements and a steady hand to capture the good doctor and as luck would have it, and Hannibal was considerably lucky with lottery ticket winnings and patience having there funds and worldly possessions given to him in there will's, Dr. Sutcliffe was heading out for his lunch break talking over the phone rather loudly about a new patient with Cotard's Syndrome.

With a small smile, Hannibal followed him unnoticed with skills long since mastered.

Chapter End Notes

Keep in mind, all facts are fictional for the sake of story

Wendigo Fun fact for Story: Most legends regarding the Wendigo are normally based on the ancestors of the race in general. Evolution came for the same reason evolution happens in any race, to compensate for changes in atmosphere and the evolution of there main food source changing and spreading in it's own progress.

Wendigo Fun fact for Story: Wendigo's in general are long living so long as they are not killed before maturity or before they reach the point of adulthood. What is happening to Will is pre-adulthood which can last 5-10 years. Young Wendigo's require a large consumption of human flesh, it must be fresh and raw. Normally young Wendigo's have a parent to help them with their becoming. If they don't then they face a situation where they become ill and hungry but unable to do anything about it properly due to inability to hunt properly on there own or unaware of what they are and most die within the year of the symptoms presenting. Encephalitis is the most common presentation of a change not being taken care of.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Parking his Bentley Hannibal leaned back in his seat.

Hannibal let himself sit in satisfaction, silently congratulating himself for a successful hunt that had him taking possession of Dr. Sutcliffe the moment he was in a blind spot and no witnesses were around to witness the necessary act. A hunt was something that always left his body humming in a pleasured state; it meant that he got to eat another day and by extension survive another day.

It was a feeling that did not fade over time, not for someone his age. He was one out of a hundred Wendigo to successfully live as long as he has. A mere age of two hundred and fifty years. Hiding and fitting in has became increasingly difficult and that was part of the thrill. The challenge of setting up a believable lifestyle and past to carry with the mask he decides to wear for the world.

For this life, the persona of a successful psychiatrist and former surgeon. And Hannibal had to admit, he did surprisingly well in the job that he has chosen for himself. Not only does he gain interesting opportunities he gets to see what else could make the common meat tick. Learn more about them, it would only assist him in his hunt as time moved forward. And it could help him in the long run to disappear when he stays in this job for too long.

It made Hannibal curious, what job and what life would he have next? Not Surgeon. Not Psychiatrist. Not a Construction worker. Hunter. Tracker. Either way, for the future it wouldn't be a life just for him, he will set up a place for his future companion as well. Somewhere he could thrive, that was a must. And Baltimore or West Virginia would not do. Too many connections, too many ties to his old life. One that Will would have to shed if he were to remain sane as a Wendigo.

The sound of a dull banging came from the trunk of Hannibal's, it was enough to bring a smile to Hannibal's face at what that banging reminded him of. The important task Hannibal has set out for himself, one he pulled off successfully.

Fixing his expression to a calm neutral. However, even he could not cancel out the satisfaction he felt from his own eyes. Regardless Hannibal set out in carrying out his task as he calmly exited his vehicle and fetched Dr. Sutcliffe from the trunk where the man was bound and gagged. Fear was the first scent to hit Hannibal, with it came a cocktail of scents of emotion and the effects those emotions could bring.

A sound of disapproval at such a sorry sight was the only response Hannibal would gift Dr. Sutcliffe until they were in the house. Something that didn't stop the muffled and at times hard to understand pleading and attempts at bribing him. There was enough to be understood behind the gag for Hannibal to understand that he was being offered money, being given promises to keep silent and not say a word. It wasn't until Hannibal closed and locked the

door behind him did he consider saying a word as he calmly regarded the snivelling man cowering before him.

There was enough tension in the air that had the dogs wary of both Hannibal and the newcomer to there midst. They lingered at a distance, seeking approval and invitation.

“I have no need for your money Dr. Sutcliffe.” Hannibal clarified for the shaking doctor before him. Scanning him from head to toe, the man was soiled and the amount of fear he was drenched in would not do for good Will's first proper meal. It was best to have the meat cleaned. Fear was not something he could do to much about, it was a common experience for someone in a situation where they are at least vaguely aware that they would be killed.

Dr. Sutcliffe just wasn't entirely aware of how and why he would be killed. Calmly after a second thought, Hannibal removed the gag that kept the man near silent up until this point. It wasn't like anyone but Will and the dogs would hear the man anyway. The gag would no doubt go back on before the actual feeding, Hannibal didn't want to disturb Will too much and Dr. Sutcliffe reminded Hannibal as someone who would scream until his voice gave out.

“T-then wh-why are you-” Dr. Sutcliffe managed, stuttering was not something Hannibal viewed in any good light, but some allowances were to be made. It was only polite.

“You are going to serve a noble cause, Doctor. You are going to feed a good friend of mine.” Hannibal corrected calmly directing the frightened doctor to the bathroom. Hannibal will at least make sure he was clean enough to be fed to Will. After all, it would be rude to feed someone something soiled and unprepared.

“Cannibalism.” It was barely audible. Hannibal didn't feel the need to correct Dr. Sutcliffe, it wasn't the truth but why waste precious time with conversation when he had to prepare the meat for his young and becoming companion upstairs. It wasn't as easy as he would have preferred, but Dr. Sutcliffe complied with Hannibal's wishes and showered. Scrubbing his body until it was near raw.

It was almost amusing watching how skittish the man has become without clothes to cover himself with. Giving Dr. Sutcliffe a housecoat and slippers, both of which were clearly Will's and not used often. It would only be until they reach the room that was empty of everything but Will.

As they moved up the stairs, Dr. Sutcliffe was trying to take as long as he could and at times tested his limits by stopping. Every action was dealt with an abundance of patience, and despite the slow pace, it remained steady.

It wasn't like Hannibal didn't have time, he did. He made sure to time himself and planned it out accordingly because as with everything in his life, timing is everything.

To act too soon would only enable Will Graham's stubbornness that will prevail even through the increasing hunger the young one would be feeling. To act too late would only be a death sentence because at this point the young Wendigo would be too weak to be fed enough human flesh to save him. It was a near delicate balance, one Hannibal was handling with utmost care.

By the time they reached the door there was a loud crash from inside, that at least showed that Will was still in the room. Something Hannibal was grateful for, he couldn't have Will wondering off in a hungered state and bound. It could prove dangerous for both anyone crossing his path and for Will, better to make sure he eats while in a controlled setting. One controlled by Hannibal.

“Pl-Please don't do this Dr. Lecter.” Dr. Sutcliffe pleaded, it was futile, but Hannibal had to give him credit for persistence at the very least.

“You should be pleased, Doctor. You're going to save a life.” Hannibal stated as he pulled Dr. Sutcliffe through the door that was just opened. Will was on his back, still trapped against the chair by the restraints Hannibal put in place, but it was clear that despite his hungered state he was fighting. Frowning he wondered if he brought Dr. Sutcliffe too soon in his eagerness?

“Will?” There was no response from the fallen man, but quiet panting from exhaustion and quiet sounds that clearly stated that Will was probably in distress and hopefully hungry enough to not see a man standing with them but meat. Something Dr. Sutcliffe was at the end of the day, what any human was at the end of the day. Nothing more than a means to an end and meat.

“William?” Hannibal tried again as he forced Dr. Sutcliffe to his knees and closed the door so that it was only three of them. Free to move without holding onto the human, Hannibal moved to kneel next to Will's fallen form. Checking his pulse and eyes quickly Hannibal couldn't help but smile in satisfaction, sharp in it's honesty. Satisfied with what he saw, Hannibal stood up in time to see Dr. Sutcliffe disappear out the door. With a sigh of disapproval Hannibal followed after him. Making a mental note to fetch the plastic that he bought. He would be using the idea he witnessed in a short scene he saw from a television show Abigail seemed to enjoy watching. It would help Hannibal keep the room clean and pretty much follow the same idea of the suit of clear plastic that Hannibal wore over his clothes when he was out hunting.

Dr. Sutcliffe was almost to the front door when Hannibal managed to catch up with him and in using the man's own momentum from his sprint for freedom Hannibal managed to direct the man against a wall with a physical push to help him along. It wasn't enough to knock the man out, but it winded him enough that he slouched against the wall with his hands still bound behind his back. His pleading at this point was slurred and barely audible. Not that it mattered as Hannibal forced him to his feet and led him back upstairs. He would have to find a way to make sure Dr. Sutcliffe didn't have any other idea's Hannibal repositioned his left leg and targeted the fibula forcing a shout of pain to escape past the disorientation from the rather hard collision with the wall thanks to Hannibal.

The right leg received the same treatment.

Hannibal laid Dr. Sutcliffe on his back despite how uncomfortable it no doubt was due to his hands being bound. Not that comfort was Dr. Sutcliffe's first priority at the moment. With his legs broken then at least Will would not have to chase his meal down in such a state, it would be safer this way. When Will was ready Hannibal will teach him how to hunt properly, and truly the promise of having someone to teach another such important lessons sent a thrill down Hannibal's spine.

Now with everyone in place, Hannibal could finish setting everything up.

~ Next Section ~

The room was encased in plastic and the chair that Will was bound to was taken out of the room. Dr. Sutcliffe was still trapped in handcuffs and with broken fibula's. The only new thing for the meal was that he was gagged tightly strapped around the man's face. Hopefully it will keep him silent enough to not disturb Will before he truly becomes lost. The articles of clothing covering Dr. Sutcliffe was removed and Hannibal was none to careful of whether or not he cut the man while doing so. In fact the more blood spilt into the air, the more enticing a future meal he becomes.

The scent itself will bury itself deep within Will's hunger. It would be almost like a sirens call. Especially to a starving Wendigo no matter what stage of growth they were at. Unless of course, that Wendigo was slowly dying, than the siren's call that blood seems to hold would be dulled down and barely thrumming in the air. Thankfully this would not be the case for Will.

The moment Hannibal discovered the chair overturned he knew that Will was nearly there and Hannibal has timed it properly. In that, there was a sense of satisfaction and relief. It would be a waste if all his efforts were for nothing. But even if they were, Hannibal would take care of the dying young Wendigo until his time came. It would only be polite and a kind gesture to a young life that went out too soon.

He has already witnessed that once already and thankfully he will not have to witness it for a second time.

Scenting the air Hannibal stood in front of a plastic covered door in his plastic suit. There was a way for him to slip out of the room without tracking the blood thanks to measures he set up outside of the room. A change room you could say, and that was only if something came up. Like a phone call or some foolish individual coming to visit Will unannounced.

Will was curled in the corner and like Dr. Sutcliffe stripped of clothing. But unlike with Dr. Sutcliffe it was done with care and with the intention of it being easier to clean Will up after his meal. Will was currently rocking and was barely himself as he stared down Dr. Sutcliffe and Hannibal. Shifting his focus between them. Hannibal wondered if the young one viewed him as a threat or a challenge, but too much so to act accordingly. Something that could possibly be linked back to the bite Hannibal had to resort to earlier when Will would not listen to him as seriously as Hannibal wished him to do. In fact, Will was quite rebellious. Something Hannibal will curb in time. Patience and time was all he needed, handling Will would take more finesse than a heavy handed approach in some cases.

Speaking would not be the way to go. When in such a state, it was best to not resort to the more rational part of the brain. Go for the more primal part of the Wendigo brain, a gift from there ancestors. The pioneers of this species. With a nod, Hannibal slipped from the room trusting that Will would not do something foolish. It wasn't his original idea, but it would be a proper way to go. So stripping himself of his plastic suite and clothing, the only thing Hannibal kept on was the high quality boxers that will be burnt afterwards due to the blood.

Hannibal will assist Will in his first meal. This should have been foreseen; Will had no one to teach him what to do at this point. Normally Wendigo's have someone there for them. For the most part, it was family, but a Wendigo was always prepared before the change so they would not be breaking down like Will currently was.

Reentering the room Hannibal noted that Will was still in the corner and if it was possible, smaller than before. It was clear that he was in pain and so very hungry. A quiet sigh of disapproval of such stubbornness was the only thing to escape Hannibal as he carefully made his way to Will's side. His first attempt was to coax Will out of the corner, something that was not going so well given the fact that Will tried to bolt to the other corner of the room that was unfortunately farther from the meal shivering in fear and pain on the floor in the centre of the room.

Where finesse would be the preferred method with Will, this was a time where manhandling him would be the best method to use. Not Hannibal's favorite but it would be a necessary evil. So where Will tried to flee, Hannibal did not allow him. Instead took hold of the back of his neck and forearm of his right arm and pulled him closer to Dr. Sutcliffe. The man's breathing has increased the closer Hannibal came with a struggling Will.

By the time Hannibal had Will kneeling over Dr. Sutcliffe's stomach the man was shaking his head quickly and Hannibal knows it's because of what he was now seeing through tear filled eyes. Antlers protruding out of each side of his head, ashen skin highlighted with black to outline protruding bone and muscle while blackened feathers lined his collar bone and flowed over his shoulders. Crouching down himself behind Will Hannibal let go of Will's forearm enough to reach forward to a struggling and fear drenched meal laid out underneath Will, Hannibal allowed both Will and Dr. Sutcliffe to watch for different reasons as darkened fingernails extended enough to appear closer to being talons rather than feeble fingernails Hannibal donned while wearing his person suite.

For Dr. Sutcliffe to show them just how futile his struggling was in the end, that he was powerless. And for Will, to show the power Hannibal had and the power Will could one day have over meat. It was also to serve the purpose of opening the man up for easier access so that Will could have a place to start with the hunger that had Will trembling in his hold and his gaze transfixed in what Hannibal's hand was doing.

A muffled shout of panic and pain was the reaction Dr. Sutcliffe gave through the gag as skin split across his chest. There would be the problem of bone being in the way, but the moment Will starts trying to eat will be the moment when Hannibal breaks the rib cage enough for Will to be able to reach past it to the enticing organs protected inside of a cage of flesh and bone.

It was fascinating to watch Will try to resist even as his body try to jerk forward to the source of the meat. His resistance was so weak and feeble it was crashing and falling away in Hannibal's careful hands. The last of Will's resistance caved when Hannibal brought a small strip of skin and flesh and pressed it to a partially opened mouth that allowed the young one to gasp and pant out his hungered pain and need without hindrance.

Besides the little help from Hannibal to break the bone, the rest was done by Will as the man gave in to the hunger that had him tearing and biting at the meat below him. Ignoring the

pleading and the gurgled gasps of a dying man. It didn't matter as Hannibal stayed close to a point where he was hovering over Will and his meal. Hannibal didn't care at the moment that he could feel the odd spray of blood on his legs and sometimes torso depending on where he crouched or stood as he moved in circles around the scene in front of him.

Will would be covered head to toe in blood and flesh as he messily devoured the warm flesh below him by the time he was finished with this meal. It was both enticing and intoxicating to watch such a scene take place in front of him.

Hannibal was not aware of how long it took for this meal to be devoured and he didn't care too much in the least. Instead he waited and watched, by the time Will was finished he was full and confused and tired. Will did not come back to himself yet, a fact proven when Will looked up at him beseechingly. Hands held with the palms up and covered with thick blood and tissue almost to a point where he was reaching up to Hannibal who stood not even a few feet away staring down at the sight before him.

Help.

What now.

What do I do know?

Those are the only things that made sense of what Will was saying without saying. And to those things Hannibal had only reassurance as he reached down and took Will by his hands and pulled him to his shaky feet tugging him out of the room. When Will comes back to himself, Hannibal was sure that there would be anger and confusion. Rebellious and hopefully resignation that would allow them to move to the next step of this whole thing. Hannibal wrapped Will in a blanket and slipped on slippers that Hannibal had there just in case before picking the trembling man up long enough to carry him to the bathroom.

Already he could feel points coming out of Will's back. If Will was cleaned of blood and tissue, Hannibal was sure he would see signs of other transformations taking place in Will to help him into a stage that could only be dubbed as the adolescent stage of a Wendigo.

Chapter End Notes

I am curious about something. Would anyone be interested in Will's POV? Or should I just continue with Hannibal's POV for this story and if I ever feel the need to write in Will's POV or even Bella's POV for that matter just write them as one-shots?

Also, the form of the Wendigo in Hannibal's case has been modeled after this piece of art with the artists permission: http://crow821.deviantart.com/art/See-379517522

Keep in mind, all facts are fictional for the sake of story
Wendigo Fun fact for Story: The Wendigo as it was implied in this chapter is a hereditary gene passed on by one or both of the parents. It is however, something that is

rarely passed to someone who is completely human. Normally the parent who passed on the gene, or both, will prepare the offspring by teaching them what they were and what they should prepare themselves for when it comes to the change. It is a celebration of an important event on a Wendigo's life.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first day, Hannibal was faced with a mess that he never expected to clean. Even when it came to his meals that doubled as his canvases there wasn't such a mess left behind, it was always meticulous and clean. Everything had it's proper spot. And as always it was grotesque to the blind and small minded onlookers. The mess created within one of Will's underused rooms was chaotic and perhaps the most meaningful sight that Hannibal has been faced with in a long time. It spoke of life and new beginnings, and Will may fight even now but not even he could deny the turn of events and what has happened.

Even so, that first day would be a day that Hannibal will remember for a very long time now. It was committed to a special room in his mind palace. All so he could remember each and every detail, from the blood that was spilt and decorated the plastic covered room to every movement, scent and look of the young Wendigo Hannibal has chosen to care for. To raise up above the sheep of the world.

What was left of Dr. Donald Sutcliffe's body was cut into smaller parts and frozen in a half empty deep freezer found in Will's barn. This location was not Hannibal's first choice, but it would work and the lock that Hannibal found to put on the deep freeze would keep unwanted trespassers from taking a look should that situation come to pass. Whatever meat left on Dr. Sutcliffe's body that was salvageable was stored in the fridge. It will provide further meals for the rest of the day. Will wouldn't be paying attention to what he was fed, he would eat whatever and anything Hannibal put in front of him and with a temporary and new found innocence.

The plastic the room was wrapped in was shoved into a black bags. This would be harder to discard, but not impossible. It would take careful management. Fingerprints and bodily fluid would cause the most problems there.

The easiest to deal with, was ironically Will Graham himself. The act of cleaning him was done carefully, Hannibal treating the whole thing as though it were sacred. This was something that normally a parent figure would do, as other young Wendigo's of the past, Will would not be able to do so himself because of the overwhelmed sensations of feeding and changing would have him going to a near catatonic state or a childlike state. It shouldn't last long, or at least in Hannibal experience it didn't last long. A day at the most.

With frequent checks Hannibal was satisfied with the changes that were taken place in Will physically. He no longer smelt of the fever that led Hannibal to believing that it was encephalitis. Will's skin no longer reminded him of a man who's sick and starving. It wasn't perfectly healthy yet, but that could come with time and a proper diet. Going over Will's body to check on the changes to see if they were happening properly and nothing was going wrong. The antlers were starting to come from the sides of his head, the points sharp but small. By the time five to ten years have passed Will would have fully grown antlers that's size and shape would depend on diet and health during the equivalent of a Wendigo's

adolescent years. Will's hands and feet were black, a black that covered most of his skin up to his elbows and knees. Claws were starting to form underneath the fingernails and would eventually push the finger nails off completely.

Hannibal ran his hand over Will's back, mindful of the six points coming out of Will's back. Those will grow in size, but only until Will was fully mature then he would lose the points on his back. Those were there to protect an adolescent Wendigo from unwarranted attacks from behind. Everything in a Wendigo has evolved to ensure there survival and that they were to remain on top of the food chain.

None of these changes were permanent of course, and it was thanks to the ability to shift back and forth between a more human look and the natural look of a Wendigo. Will's control over this would be limited. He was young. But that was okay, Hannibal was here to assist. Where he had to learn all of this himself, Will would not have to.

But there was the problem that Will would require regular meals of raw meat, his run as the Chesapeake Ripper would not be able to provide such meals. So Hannibal would have to adapt for the needs of the young Wendigo curled up on the old bed that Will owned. Hannibal would have to keep up with the Ripper kills to keep Jack running in one direction which would be easier now that Will has been taken out of the field, and Jack despite his intelligence was rather short sighted and blind to what's in front of him. Perhaps Hannibal would have to go after the lonely and simply make them go missing?

Eventually Will would accept the changes and his own standing in life. The moment this happened he will learn how to hunt for himself. Until then, Hannibal would just have to settle for a busy schedule. He was lucky that he could get by with minimal sleep.

It was not easy pulling himself away from the young Wendigo's side. But he had to, he needed to go and check his phone for messages because while he may prefer to give Will his utmost astute attention, Hannibal still had work to do. He was a psychiatrist and as such he had patients that he had to reschedule and for some to carry on with their therapy through the phone. It wasn't his first choice, Hannibal always preferred speaking with his patients in person but at times there was no other choice but to go in this direction. He had at least four hours of free time left, and this was plenty of time for Hannibal to put to good use.

There was the odd message from Jack who wanted Hannibal to go back on his decision and the odd message from Alana thanking him for looking out for Will.

Pulling up the chair that Will had set outside Hannibal watched over the dogs frolicking around the property, running off their energy and familiarizing themselves with each member of the pack. Hannibal had to stop them from getting too overeager when they were inside and wanting their master. But Hannibal did not deny them either, they had to be familiar with Will's changing scent and soon Will would have to be familiar with them with his new senses. Those dogs were one of the things Hannibal will not deny the young Wendigo solely for the loyalty the impurely bred strays held.

~ Next Section ~

The days that followed have proven to be just as or perhaps even more interesting than the first. Now that Will was awake and being forced to deal with his partial changed state, Hannibal was shown just how wide of a spectrum of emotions that Will possessed. Mirrors were shattered and any reflective surface was either thrown away or covered with old blankets or clothing. Whatever Will had at hand.

Hannibal was not entirely pleased with this, he had to get Will to accept himself and be at peace with it. Will would only survive fully if he did. Unfortunately Hannibal was reminded just how stubborn Will Graham truly was. He tried to starve himself again, but Hannibal was glad that the longest he could go was six hours. At least now Will's body hungered enough for the meat that Hannibal prepared for him, the hunger was a healthy hunger and it kept Will sitting stiffly at the table while trying not to show just how hungry for the flesh of someone who had the misfortune of crossing the path of Hannibal late at night. Single, no family and as a bonus for Hannibal. Rude. The health of the meat was without question, Hannibal would never be so discourteous to force soiled and less then par meat at any table and especially when it came to the health of Will.

“Aren't you going to -” Will's voice was raw. Raw from screaming about his own perceived misfortunes and sheer rebellious behaviour towards Hannibal. But this was the first time since the change truly was initiated that Will was at least attempting to behave civilly and converse with Hannibal. It was a good start and a good sign, so Hannibal forgave the fact that Will did not have the sense to finish what he wanted to ask. This was a delicate situation after all.

“No, I can go longer without eating. You require the nourishment and fill of the meat more frequently then I do. You are at a delicate stage of your becoming.” Hannibal calmly explained as he took an appreciative smell of the wine he brought with him with the last meal. However, before taking a sip of it Hannibal decided to add a polite, “Thank you for the concern.” Of course it might not have been concern on Will's part, but it was another thing that Hannibal allowed to simply slide without reprimand.

“Where did you -” Will started, but changed his mind. Perhaps deciding at the moment that ignorance would be a better choice. Hannibal did not agree, when buying or even hunting for your meat you must always ask questions. Know where it came from and how healthy the animal or person was before they met there fate. So Hannibal explained calmly and he made sure Will understood just how little humans truly meant to Hannibal, because Hannibal was something far greater than them and in time Will would see this as truth as well.

At the moment however, the news was not met with any positive reactions. It was a miracle that he finished his plate before taking off from the kitchen. Leaving the plate behind, something that bothered Hannibal. At his own place he was a little more accepting because he was the host. It was his job and his role to take care of his guests even going so far as catering to them whenever it is required. This was no place for host or guest behaviour and Hannibal made Will correct this mistake by returning to the dinner table and removing the plate and putting it into the sink.

Will was not happy with Hannibal for the rest of the day and he let Hannibal know it with every chance he gained.

It wasn't until late at night that Will came out of his hiding spot in the bathroom upstairs, unknowing the cleansing that took place in that particular room. It pleased Hannibal that Will chose that spot to hide. Will moved stiffly and it was clear that he was still feeling self-conscious about what physically made him different. This was normal. This was something that plagued Will since he came back to himself.

But this wasn't what Hannibal paid attention to at the moment, right now it seemed like Will wanted to ask something. Hannibal greeted him, offered a cup of tea to help him relax but beyond that he didn't force Will to speak. It was best to go this route, it has been the best way to go ever since Will walked into Hannibal's office.

“How -” Will started, his voice broke but he seemed determined to finish his sentence. To ask the question that seemed to be bothering Will since dinner time. So Hannibal waited patiently until Will finished his question.

“How am I a Wendigo? Why am I not human?” It was an honest question, one that Hannibal hoped that Will would ask at some point. It gave Hannibal full rights to start digging into Will's past and his family and Will would have to answer because he wanted to know as well. So they started with Will's father, it didn't take long to come to the conclusion that he was only human. Such a thing was possible, for one of the parents of a Wendigo to be human. But all it would take is one a pure blooded Wendigo to also help create the child who is a Wendigo.

This left the possibility of the Wendigo gene coming from Will's mother.

“Do you remember your mother?” Hannibal asked calmly and Will sat back, this was a conversation that Will might not want to have and was not quite comfortable to dealing with. But that need to know and that subconscious trust he seemed to still have in Hannibal to some degree had him considering what was asked and in turn what was said. Will did not remember his mother, he only had a picture of her and he looked a lot like her. Something that was common in cases like this.

“Does this mean that I'm a – a half breed of some sort.” Will asked and Hannibal had to smile at such an innocent and naive question. Despite that though, Hannibal was not going to patronize Will for asking such a question. He always believed in bettering oneself and chasing after a thirst for knowledge and at the very least Will was showing an active role in his own situation even if it was only in asking questions. It was a starting point that Hannibal could work with, questions left a lot of room to work with after all.

Hannibal thought his own answer over for a moment while regarding the increasingly agitated Will before answering calmly, “No, you would not be able to survive if you were a half breed.” From this point he moved on to explaining how it only took one parent to pass on the Wendigo gene and it was enough to give way to an offspring of that is a Wendigo. The very gene was designed to guarantee the survival of the race through this method. Some would consider it to be infecting as to where Hannibal considered it improvement.

Will was not particularly pleased with what he heard, but had the intelligence to at least think it over and digest the information given to him. He was a teacher and in turn a student. Hannibal made it known that it was time to eat again, Will was not happy with that news but

his stomach made it clear that Hannibal was right. Despite knowing where the meat came from, the same as meat from the last meal, Will didn't put up a fuss as Hannibal set a plate of properly cut up and prepared meat. Nothing was cooked, for a Wendigo at this stage it was best to go with raw.

Will seemed to be eating his meal easier now, but hunger had a way to blind you to whatever hesitation you would have before. Or at least enough that the meal would be eaten steadily enough. And this time Will was not eating alone, Hannibal made himself up a plate as well. Raw meat, Hannibal saw no point setting himself apart from Will currently.

“How long will I look like this? Why do I have antlers coming out of my back?” Will finally asked, looking up at Hannibal but not making eye contact. It was something Hannibal hoped to change one day, for now he let it go as Will took in the pattern of his tie. Regarding Will's change in appearance for a moment, ignoring how it had Will shifting in his seat. Eyes taking in Hannibal's vest now.

“There isn't a set time for this part, everyone is different. You won't fully change this time, it could take roughly between a day or two after your partial transformation takes place for it to fade away. The antlers coming from your back are only to offer you protection from attacks coming from behind. They are only temporary.” Hannibal could tell that Will didn't like some of what he heard, but intelligent enough to again take what he heard and think it over. Will took the initiative to ask more questions at this point and Hannibal was more then happy to answer them. Each as thoroughly as he could and stopping his explanation to explain further questions Will had.

It took a total of two hours to get through this part of the questioning. One that explained the workings of a Wendigo at least on a physical level. Mindset will come with time, history at another time. There was a lot of information to be learned. It was at the end of the conversation that Hannibal stated that when Will's partial transformation state fades away it would be time to go restock Will's food, and in this case it would be human food not meat. The dogs also needed food and Will would no doubt want to get them there special little treats. They've put up with a lot after all.

At this Will seemed apprehensive. But didn't clarify why as he excused himself from the table and took his dogs out for a short walk around the property. Hannibal was not worried that Will would do anything foolish or take off, not with his physical appearance currently.

Through an open window, Hannibal listened to Will's quiet confessions to the canine called Winston.

“I don't want to be this – thing.”

The devastation in Will was both breathtaking beautiful and near heartbreaking. Hannibal just kept calmly watching as Will pet his dogs as they moved about around him, sniffing and staying close. No doubt sensing there masters distress.

“I don't know what to do, what to think.”

Hannibal frowned at this. He would have to do something about Will's thought process and how he was thinking in regards to his current situation. But further more Hannibal had to make Will comfortable and enjoy what he was, an apex predator of this era. And he had to have Will seeing himself as something that is greater than humans, the very ones scurrying through there lives.

He would use there outing to start making proper adjustments in Will's thinking process. It would help to stop the signs of depression and hopelessness that was taking hold in Will.

But for the moment, patience would be the way to go.

Chapter End Notes

Keep in mind, all facts are fictional for the sake of story
Wendigo Fun fact for Story: Wendigo's normally care for there young until they reach full maturity, which could take five to ten years after there change takes place. Once full maturity is reached Wendigo's will for the most part live a solitary lifestyle because they prefer to keep hunting grounds to themselves. Why – It lessens the chances of conflicts that could bring the knowledge of there existence out into the open and this was something no Wendigo wanted.
In the case of Bella Crawford, she is dying due to her choice to give up her diet out of love for her husband and she herself does not want others to know of Wendigo's existence. It is enough to make her little to no threat to Hannibal. The only exception beyond the case of Bella, is if a Wendigo gives up it's own solitary lifestyle to take in a mate or a lifetime companion.

Authoress Note 2
More of a question to readers who's been incredibly patient with the irregular and sometimes late updates on this story, which I am incredibly grateful for. Not to mention I thank you for taking the time to read this far.
Question: What do you think of the idea of this becoming Mpreg? I'm not saying it's going to be present in this story, but I might consider making it a possibility for this world. I already have a few idea's that could easily weave it into the image and world I have set for this story just as I can easily exclude it.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a little past noon by the time Hannibal managed to leave the house with Will in tow and once more looking as though he was completely human. Everything from the antlers to the blackened flesh has all but faded and shrunken from view, unless you knew how to search for the signs of the antlers and points lining Will's back, buried seemingly just below the skin. Besides well hidden traces, the only thing that would give Will away now was his scent and his hunger. Both of which were best detected by another Wendigo or animal. Will was the only one in the car who was near happy for the disappearance of the clear signs of Will's heritage.

A heritage that allowed Will and in turn, Hannibal to be something more. Something that was an apex predator in every sense of the way, they are able to blend in to the common crowd and just as easily stand apart and different. Both in mindset and appearances. The older generations of Wendigo's once believed that the abilities gifted to there kind was magic and near supernatural of such abilities and happenstances. Hannibal and an increasing amount of Wendigo's had a more scientific reason for such traits. And it simply came down to genetics. A trait that is found in there very DNA since the first Wendigo walked the land and hungered for human flesh. A trait that evolved and mutated to the usefulness of today. Hannibal would very much like to read what discoveries could be made regarding the subject should it ever be written out and taught to more of his kind.

However, none of which changed the simple fact that at the moment Hannibal has found himself idly missing the sight and made note to sketch it and record it to the room he specifically created in his mind palace for the young Wendigo. Like Will, it too was evolving and shaping to be something more fitting and elegant to go with the rest of Hannibal's mind.

Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Will shifting and tensing, mouth tight and kept in a thin line. Despite this, it was clear that Will wanted something. Hannibal tilted his head slightly, this was one of Hannibal's more common habits that he does not need to hide. It would give nothing away in regards to what he was and who he was. It was after all just a slight tilt of the head. Hannibal cut through the silence with the simple action of turning on the radio, catching up on the common news. The radio station that played was covering the story of unsolved murders created by one Chesapeake Ripper.

A topic Hannibal enjoyed listening to and keeping tabs on from what is deemed to be safe distances. Though since Will coming into the picture, Hannibal admitted to himself that he may have grown a bit too close to his own case of tasteful murder. But how could one refuse such a glimpse gifted to him of such an insightful young man who turned out to be something more.

Most of the time there was a near wistful respect in the covering of his murders, but today was not one of those time. The scorn was expected, but the writing his work off was not entirely appreciated and Hannibal made note of who was the speaker of this radio station

before turning it off. It was only as he pulled his hand away from the radio did Will finally speak up, “How do you pick them. The people you devour.” Will wasn't looking at him, not directly anyway. But Hannibal caught fleeting glances through a mirror that turned away when Hannibal took note of it.

“Careful selections. The right smell. The right health. Proper reasons and cannot be tied directly back to me.” Hannibal answered calmly as he made a careful and controlled turn towards the destination they were heading towards. It was almost amusing to that the entire time Hannibal was with Will during this trying time of change, he was admitting to being a murderer and always in some way telling Will his alias without actually saying the title. And even though Will was well aware now that Hannibal hunted, he has yet to call Hannibal out on who he was.

Hannibal was taking a gamble and putting his trust into this boy in regards to what Hannibal has been known as in the news and on the radio. If Will had any self-preservation and sense in who and what he was, he would not turn Hannibal in. Damn them both to bloodshed and death.

“My sense of smell allows me to pick up on things most are incapable of. Like Mrs. Crawford's cancer for example. What I perceived to be encephalitis for you.” Hannibal words were calm and controlled. This was a risky game, but one that was well worth the risk if played properly. In the long run, Will would see just how untouchable Hannibal was and how superior Will could be to those around them if he so chooses. Amusement was had, it was time to move on. Work was to be done soon. Shopping for supplies, showing Will how out of depth he was still and work on Will's self-esteem when it comes to what he is and curb the depression that is threatening Hannibal's young companion.

Will didn't react to anything Hannibal had said, but no doubt focusing on what Hannibal would rather only be a side note eventually.

“You knew I was sick.” The realization of this made Will's voice quiver in anger and rage, it was breathtaking. But that was besides the point, Hannibal can focus and go through his memory later to catch that anger and rage on paper. At the moment he saw the need to correct Will with a simple word,“Changing.”

“Wrong. And you didn't say anything, you let me think I was going insane. Becoming increasingly unstable, and you did nothing.” Will's words were still heavy with anger and relentless in his own point of view. Hannibal drove past the store just so Will would be unable to jump out of the car and take off on him, they had to get over this hurdle before any more progress was to be made in the task that had Hannibal driving to a sub-par grocery store.

“You were in the process of change, one I was mistaken on what it was. But I was not the one who made you sick.” Hannibal kept his own words calm and firm, it earned him a curl of Will's lips as his anger remained true. Better than the despair Will was drowning himself in back at the house. It was something Hannibal can handle easier and use to take care of this situation with. “But you admit that you knew.”

“I was aware of it. Yes.” Don't lie to Will at the moment, this would be counterproductive and whatever ground Hannibal has lost would be made up with the bitter and near if not completely hurtful truth. But truth was not always intended to be kind and gentle, it was harsh at times and bitter to swallow.

“Why would you do that?” The words 'to me' was unspoken and unneeded. Neither of them had no doubt of what was being said in this conversation. Not at the moment anyway. Hannibal eyed Will while turning around and heading back towards the store. He will park soon but not until he was satisfied with this conversation. It has yet to reach a point Hannibal is satisfied with completely. However it was promising. Hannibal made sure to inquire if Will remembered the part regarding change. Will confirmed, but only barely. Hannibal still had his attention and that gave him something to work with while making a play to look for a parking spot.

“Even when I mistaken you for human, you were in the process of a change. One that would even the standing between the two of us. I was satiating my immoral curiosity while directing which way that change can go. In my own way, I was trying to help you along. I would not have let it go so far for you to find yourself injured by your own doing or another.” Hannibal calmly said, his words calm and he tried his hardest to appear as honest as he could and it would not be a complete lie. This was a point in the conversation where it could go either way, but the conversation as a whole was a tool. Will had the clear look of disgust and anger, both of which was better than the threat of depression that was setting in previously back at the house. Now to take all of those emotions and direct them away from Hannibal.

Make use of it in order to aid Will in his becoming. Aid Will in becoming something more and something that Hannibal will be able to keep around potentially.

“And this makes it okay?” This was a breaking point. To answer the question, Hannibal could easily say yes. It made it okay because the end results were worth more than the price it would cost to getting there. Life was a harsh teacher for Hannibal to have learned this and Hannibal in turn can be just as harsh in his education of others regarding this simple thing. But this was not an answer that would further his goals and it would only serve to drive the young Wendigo from him. So Hannibal gave him the morally correct answer, “No.”

A shake of the head followed with a bitter laugh that could be barely called that. Hannibal showed only patience as a response to this, patience is an important key here. Will of course as expected demanded the reason why Hannibal did what he did despite the fact that the answer would not have changed. And it didn't, Will was not too appreciative of that. Almost like he was hoping for a change, something to make things better.

“I am not human Will.” Hannibal reminded, using this truth to his advantage. “I am regretful that you were harmed emotionally because of my decisions in regards to you and your perceived encephalitis.” Not completely true, Hannibal was more regretful that Will was putting up such a fight. That he was driven to the need where the young Wendigo felt like fighting with Hannibal on the slights made against him was the only option he had at the moment. Yes, Hannibal knows he has done some things that could easily be considered wrong. But surely they can get past this? Will would have to find a way, he will learn the hard way that his life would be long and lonesome if not.

Hannibal himself did not wish to go back to being isolated with his chosen lifestyle. Not now that he has a taste of something potentially beautiful in it's own right.

Putting it off long enough, Hannibal parked the car. The trip into the store was a silent one, even inside the store things between them were tense and silent. Will was also becoming increasingly agitated. The hunger, the fact that he is surrounded by potential food was not helping his standing. But it was a lesson that Will had to learn. One that Hannibal was alone to learn. Will was caught up in what he was feeling and trying to keep himself in one spot and under control while choosing an aisle that had no one in it for the moment. A hand on his elbow startled him enough to cause him to jump slightly.

“I can't.” Will's words were tense and it was clear that it was tough for him to admit this. Hannibal nodded, he understood. This is something he would not have to manipulate or twist. It was the truth and Hannibal can help Will deal with this as well. “You can.” His words might not be taken as reassurance, they didn't have to be. It was the truth. Hannibal believed that Will could handle this given enough time. Time Hannibal can give him.

“This is something that you will get used to, eventually it will be just another sensation you move with. Like the need to sleep or breath. Thirst.” Hannibal explained, going on to say that it helps that if Will ate regularly. Three meals a day, some with proper ingredients without naming the ingredients due to being among the very ingredients he means. It is a crime after all to murder and taboo to eat human flesh. Will was not entirely pleased with this as he pulled away from Hannibal long enough to fetch a large bag of dog food.

The rest of the shopping goes steady and silent, tense in Will's part. The man more skittish and distrusting then what frequenters are used to seeing, concern written on there faces and inquiries made more than once. All of which Will shoots down, some politely and others with a curt dismissal. Hannibal considered it to be rude and tried to smooth it over when someone showed signs of retaliation. All the while remembering scents and faces. He will question Will about them later. After loading the car and ready to head back to Will's home did Will decide to ask how much meat would he need to eat.

“Currently given your young age, a body a week would be safest. To be honest with you Will, you survived a point where Wendigo's without parents don't normally survive. You should count yourself lucky.” Hannibal calmly said as he pulled away from the store and calculated the easiest way to get back as soon as he could. Perhaps he could make an early supper?

“Is that what I am? Lucky?” Will's voice gave away the bitterness he clearly felt still, the anger was still there but taking a backseat to the bitterness for the moment. Hannibal let out a sigh, when was the last time he had to deal with someone's stubbornness to a point where it threatened Hannibal with a headache. Pushing that aside he confirmed it. Will wanted to know why, that one worded question was an important tool for Will in this situation. One that Hannibal can respect. It was a good question to ask when seeking information to expand with.

Once more Hannibal's answer was not one Will wanted. Out of sheer stubbornness Will forced Hannibal to stop the car at the start of the driveway that eventually led to Will's home. It was here that Will fled the car and Hannibal in hot pursuit. Will only got about five feet away from the car, the noise no doubt making it to the house. The echo of barks and worried

growls reached Hannibal's attention and no doubt Will's as well. The pack was upset and in turn seemed to upset Will. Hannibal was forced to restrain Will from behind, forgetting about the self defence adolescent Wendigo's had until his stomach and chest felt sharp points cut through the clothing that separated both of them. It forced Hannibal to force Will to the ground and onto his back as Hannibal pinned him there.

Only when Will stopped fighting Hannibal did he speak, “Believe me when I say this William, but you are very lucky. Most Wendigo would not assist you in this time. You are not there blood and therefore not there responsibility. Only pairs or small families would stick together and even then, only long enough to raise the children so that they are adults and able to take care of themselves. You have neither, only me. Do you understand this?” Hannibal's voice was thicker with accent, emotion driving it so. Hannibal trusted that the surprisingly empathic Wendigo below him would pick it up loud and clear and the emotion itself can be used as a battering ram if needed. All to drive the point home.

“You betrayed me, I trusted you and to find out that I'm this thing-” Will forced out, glaring up and trying to push through Hannibal's tactics and despite how rude it was, Hannibal did interrupt him, “-Wendigo Will, not thing. You're not a thing and yes, I know that I betrayed your trust. Allow me to make that up to you, help you get past the point of adolescence. Learn to survive and hopefully by the time you're fully grown have some more self esteem and perhaps even pride in yourself and what you are. It is nothing to be ashamed of.”

A disbelief shake of the head and a curl of the lips, Hannibal always did find it fascinating in how expressive Will was from the moment he first met the man in Jack's office.

“Unbelievable. Tell me, Doctor. What's in it for you? What do you get out of helping this poor orphaned Wendigo you didn't know was a Wendigo when you made a decision to play with my supposed encephalitis, my mind? You being a surrogate parent or something, did you lose something to cause you to do this?” Hannibal will not admit to the sting of those words, leaps and bounds was how quickly Will can come to conclusions and in the same spirit those conclusions were always strikingly close to the truth. Instinct and that sting both had Hannibal wanting to do something to Will he didn't feel up to this point in regards to the younger man turned Wendigo.

And that was to tear Will's throat out with his own teeth, tasting the blood and life leave the struggling body beneath him. Will somehow sensing that turn in Hannibal fought harder to escape. In Hannibal's minds eye he could see himself doing just that and leaving the bleeding corpse in a room filled with sketches and the various stages of Will's growth.

“Doctor Lecter?” Alarm heard in Will's voice, but Hannibal ignored it and tore up sketches and slammed doors. In the back of his mind the soft laughter of a child. His something.

“Doctor Lecter!”

Inhale. Exhale. Focusing on a single point, a task and a purpose that required his attention. Bringing in his energy and control. It took more than it has for the past fifty years.

“Hannibal?!” Will was trying to get his attention, no longer struggling but the vibration and scent in Will told Hannibal that he was experiencing a high level of anxiety and fear. Not as

promising as anger, but that was irrelevant at the moment. And there was days like this, where gambles did not go as he had hoped but if anything Hannibal can work with less and take a potential loss and turn it into a victory of sorts. But not now, later.

Without any warning or show of emotion Hannibal stood up and brought Will with him. The order to get back in the car was unspoken and obeyed.

Chapter End Notes

There's no little fun fact for Wendigo's in this chapter. But hopefully the explanation of the shift between human appearance and not so human appearance is clear at the start of the chapter. Hopefully the chapter is to your liking and Hannibal didn't seem too emotional or too straight forward in his gamble of bluntly hinting. But that has it's purpose which will be put into use within the next chapter, so bare with me there.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> I hope I explained the Wendigo Fun facts right, if you have any further questions feel free to PM me. And as a reminder the form of the Wendigo in Hannibal's case has been modelled after a piece of art drawn by “crow821” from Deviantart called “See”. The version that is seen in the show is what ancestors and the earlier forms of the Wendigo appeared as. Will was hallucinating this form because it's his own biology telling him to prepare for the change himself.
>
> Sorry if this chapter is a bit shorter then past ones, I'm just happy that I managed to finally finish it, it took me ages to do so and three different attempts at writing this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

From the moment that Will followed him back to the car until the end of the day was filled with silence, the tension that filled the empty space between the two of them did not allow a single word to be uttered. They remained in the same house, one by choice and the other because there was no other place to go. Hannibal took phone calls from his more problematic patients and the odd text from Jack wishing to know more about Will's status. Will on the other hand spent time with his fishing lures and boat motors. It was clear that each task they both chose was to distract and take away from the tension that was created between the two of them. As the day grew, it was clear that Will left the room only in search of something to drink. Hannibal figured it was a search for alcohol, Will was a budding alcoholic after all who turned to alcohol in situations that left the man stressed to max.

However, alcohol was not permitted. Not while Will was still changing and maturing. Despite the tension, Hannibal will not allow such careless decisions to be carried out while Will was under his care.

By the time it was late in the evening, Hannibal found himself sitting by front door. He liked this chair for it's location and it helped that there was some books within his reach. Books always were looked upon fondly by Hannibal, there was something satisfying in being able to read and enjoy stories or knowledge that has been recorded in some way or another. This was a small part of why he himself enjoyed writing in journals to record his own knowledge and his own insights. There was a tantalizing promise of immortality through books and an enticing form of looking back into the past and seeing the differences from then to now.

The book Hannibal had in his hands was 'The Anatomy of Motive: The FBI's Legendary Mindhunter Explores the Key to Understanding and Catching Violent Criminals by John E. Douglas and Mark Olshaker'. It was no surprise that Will would have books that involve what his own job partakes in some way or form. The difference was, Will's had notes written

throughout it. Especially where his own opinion differs with the authors. Under most circumstances, Hannibal would consider this to be an injustice to the book, but when it came to Will it gave another fascinating outlook of how the man saw things.

Taking in this book's notes and subjects was also a good way of providing some distraction and a point to anchor to. After all when he wasn't tending to his own responsibilities through his phone, he was considering and evaluating the situation at hand. Most specifically what to do with Will. Despite it only being words spoken earlier, Will touched on a few things he shouldn't have and that was a trespass that Hannibal has been known to dispatch someone for in the past. The idea of killing Will did not sit entirely well with Hannibal anymore, though it was something he is still capable of should the young Wendigo prove to be too much of a threat to be allowed to keep his freedom and his life. But the idea of simply letting the young man loose and out of reach was another thing that seemed less and less acceptable.

But this was to be expected, Hannibal has been grooming the young man since he met to be a worthy companion. Especially after he caught sight of a darkness that spoke of a killer's instinct. Hannibal was and is going to assist Will in becoming a truer version of himself, where he can embrace that part of himself and who knew what could happen then. Perhaps Hannibal will truly have a hunting partner in every sense of the word.

And now that it was well known to Hannibal that Will was a Wendigo as well, it would only open more possibilities. However, given those possibilities the young Abigail Hobbs who was previously being used as a stand in for something Hannibal only toyed with as a possibility was now losing it's value. He had a chance to have the real thing, not a stand in as he currently possesses. But Will was still attached to her and what she could represent, not knowing that he could have the real thing for himself as well if things gone well and if Will truly were to become comfortable with every part of his true nature. What he is. Until then, the young girl will remain as she is. A gift.

Despite how late it was, Hannibal decided that perhaps it would be best for them to eat something. Despite there being a lack of human meat in the house, Will still needed some sort of protein in his diet until Hannibal was able to fetch more. The lack of human flesh was something Hannibal disapproved of greatly, but he had yet gain a chance to slip away and pick another person fortunate enough to feed his changing companion. Perhaps when Will slept tonight? Though Hannibal would have to slip him something to make sure he was to remain asleep long enough for Hannibal to disappear and return. A few hours at the most?

With that in mind, Hannibal stood up and moved towards the kitchen, leaving the book on the chair. Out of place, but not for long. Hannibal rarely liked leaving something out of place for long. He wasn't OCD, he just believed that one should keep things tidy and properly cared for.

In the back of Hannibal's mind he wondered how long until the time came when Hannibal can trust Will to not warn anyone or try to escape, when he can trust Will to not try to stop Hannibal should he bring the young Wendigo on a hunt with him. It was an alluring idea to say the least.

Unfortunately, it was not one he was able to ponder long on. Movement in the corner of his eye drew his attention away from the fridge and to Will, despite this it was not enough for

Hannibal to move quick enough to avoid the hit that connected with his head. Knocking him off balance and into the counter next to the fridge, given that Will at times was an opportunist attacked again. Only this time Hannibal was ready for it and a struggle that promised violence and blood ensued. Hannibal felt Will's knee come into contact with his side and used that momentum to take away any footing Will had in this struggle by taking hold of that leg and latching onto Will's throat.

A hard shove was enough to knock Will back and onto the floor, his expression angered and filled with rage and betrayal. It was enough to tell Hannibal what provoked this shortsighted attack.

Given that he has been dropping a lot of hints from the moment he found out what Will was. More so then usual. This attack was due to happen, ever since the conversation in the car back from the store. It was just a mild surprise that it took this long to actually come to fruition. Hannibal couldn't say that he was disappointed in how long it took for Will to lash out. He couldn't even say that it was a disappointment that Will was lashing out at all. In fact Hannibal felt alive and elated at the fiery reaction. Even as Will got to his feet and attacked again. His swings were fierce and filled with emotion and Hannibal humoured the fight for a bit. Deciding to let the younger Wendigo exhaust himself with poor choices when it comes to his attacks while Hannibal used his own experiences and paced himself as best that he could with the vigorous strikes. Any police training Will has, was not hear. This was a brawl, nothing more.

Even if Will was not aware of it fully, his actions spoke louder then words. If Will was truly serious in whatever intentions he thought that he had, he would not be extending such energy in confronting Hannibal head on like this. His hits would be more refined and he would no doubt try to get away first and in search of back up to assist. Not what was happening in the kitchen. If anything, this was nothing more then a tantrum.

So Hannibal waited until he saw the clear signs of exhaustion creep into Will before he did made his move, boxing Will into a corner. Counter behind him along with the door that led straight to the kitchen area. Hannibal roughly shoved things out of Will's reach when he tried to grab onto them in order to strike out at Hannibal again. It wasn't until he had Will where he wanted him that Hannibal let an old familiar sensation in his body starting with tingling and shifting beneath his skin. It soon erupted with black spreading across his skin and out from under his clothing to show on bare skin, his antlers pushing out and towering. The dogs, previously forgotten and anxious with the fight that happened now scurried up the stairs and to the corners of the living room to get as far from the unknown as they could, despite the loyalty they had for there master.

If good Will had any doubts of what Hannibal was, they would be laid to rest now.

Fear spiked in the kitchen, some from the distant dogs. But most of it came from Will, fear and something else. It was this that had Hannibal leaning in and scenting the area just below his ear. Hands on Will's throat kept the man still enough while Hannibal used his body to keep Will pinned down. It was faint, but there was arousal. It wouldn't be a emotion strong enough for Will to feel yet. Given the fact that Will was still a juvenile in Wendigo standards and not mature enough yet to be fully receptive to some more carnal wants. However, it was

still something that could be picked up by experienced Wendigo's and most of the time ignored because Will is too young and infertile. There was no point in extending that sort of energy. Not yet.

Will remained stiff, stiffer when Hannibal scented him. It was something to be expected, perhaps one day Will would freely offer up his throat to such an act. But not today. Today Will was young and today Will was fighting Hannibal wherever he could. But that can change, and it will change. Moving back to look Will in the eyes and not allowing Will to look away through a hard grip to Will's chin while the second hand remained secure on Will's throat.

“You accept it now.” Hannibal stated, positive but still wishing for Will to come clean. A harsh “yes” was the only confirmation that he gained and for the moment needed to know. Hannibal nodded at this. Will in turn, forced out his second question, wishing to know how long Hannibal has been killing and became more specific at the humorous expression he received as an answer. How long has he been killing in Baltimore. And the simple answer was that he killed here for as long as he lived. For the past twenty years. Hannibal explained that eventually he will move on from here, create a new lifestyle and use aliases that were invented. This was the first time since he was young did he use his actual name.

With Will's question satisfied it made way for another question that only opened a floodgate of possibilities, “Why?” Hannibal knows that Will was already aware of the answers in regards to the Chesapeake Ripper's kills and Hannibal's role in them. Will's question was more personal and was directed at himself when it came to Hannibal's involvement. And in truth, Will already probably had parts of that answer already. But no doubt wanting Hannibal to verbalize it.

“Given that I am, what you say that I am. You – You admitted what you did to me, some of why you did it. But you also said that normally W – Wendigo's don't go out of there way for another Wendigo in this process.” Will's words were tense. And the choice of wording simply confirmed that Will already knew some parts of this answer. Hannibal didn't move an inch as he stared Will down, filing through his conversation in the car and past conversations. The only one that would have any proper place for this sort of conversation was the one that happened in the vehicle before they went into the store.

“You're not human. You know what you did wasn't okay all the same.” Will choose to struggle a bit after he said this latest bit. Hannibal allowed him and gave him the right to look away as he let go of Will's chin. “You still did it.” Pain and betrayal could be heard now. Will was shattering from everything now and despite everything, it was beautiful to watch and be so close to.

“You said, it would even the standing between the two of us and this was before you knew and I knew what I was – am.” Will struggled once more, his wish to get away from Hannibal was clear and not allowed. Hannibal had plans now to help Will rebuild after all of this. Help him raise up from the ashes of his own weaknesses and life, the damage and isolation. It almost seemed so close, and yet it all depended on Hannibal's answer to officially direct there mutual paths in such a direction.

“Why?”

Hannibal took a risk as soon as Will's form seemed loose enough that it was clear there will be no struggling and hopefully no attempt to escape. He moved away and gave Will his space. It was one that paid off to some degree, Will did not try to fight again or escape. Instead lowered himself to the ground, not curled in a ball with his knees up to his chest but one where his legs were stretched out and arms to his side. Will wasn't looking at Hannibal for the moment, instead looked at Hannibal's feet. A nod, more so to himself then for Will was Hannibal's only brief reaction before moving so that he was crouched down between Will's ankles.

“Look at me Will.” Hannibal commanded, though he had to repeat himself until Will looked up. It only took three times, but there was eye contact again. “You tell me why, what my aim is and I will tell you if you are right. In the end, it would ultimately be up to you.” Lies because Hannibal would pull whatever string he must for the decision to move in Hannibal's favour. He had moments of utter selfishness in this department. And it was something he isn't ashamed of.

There was a barely noticeable movement of Will's iris's that was a given indication that Will was using that magnificent mind to put pieces together and see things in others perspective. Hannibal would love to see what was happening behind those eyes.

“You want -” Will interrupted himself only to wet his lips and shift uncomfortably before continuing with a sure voice that comes from Will profiling a situation, no doubt easier for him to do this at the moment, “ - an equal, a partner. A companion.” Hannibal chose not to say a word, instead listened as Will broke down the reasons as best as his own mind would allow him to. Words confident as though this was just another scene he had to break down for others to understand.

There was however, an underlining of emotions that belonged to Will entirely because of what this scene entailed.

“You want a mate and it was something you didn't know you wanted until recently. Until me.” Will's words were not so confident at this point, but there was a stability in them that spoke of how sure Will was in what he was saying. Will's own thoughts and emotions on the matter were still unresolved and unexplored, but that would come in time. Of that Hannibal was certain.

Hannibal who's flesh was still blackened and antlers still towering could only smile as confirmation to what Will said. This smile despite the whitened teeth sharpened for flesh, was not a cruel one. More pride then anything.

“Remarkable boy.” Was the only thing that Hannibal could say in the end.

Chapter End Notes

Keep in mind, all facts are fictional for the sake of story
Wendigo Fun fact for Story: When it comes to mating, Wendigo's mate for life. There's no mental connection, but there scents would be forever mingled and this would be enough to tell other Wendigo's that the pair is mated. It also helps a Wendigo feel like there territory is being invaded or threatened by another Wendigo. Given that Will is a juvenile, he is not matured enough physically to properly mate or breed. Should one of the pair be killed, it is possible for the surviving Wendigo to find a new mate somewhere in there future if they chose to have another mate.
Wendigo Fun fact for Story: There is a dominant and a submissive in a pair and it is normally decided on who holds the most strength and skill to keep the position as the dominant. Sometimes it is decided civilly and other times it is decided via fights to settle who was the dominant in that pairing. And whoever becomes the submissive of the two gains the ability to reproduce. This can change if the dynamic changes between the pair. This ability evolved in order to ensure the survival of the species, so if a dominant chooses to mate again after the loss of there previous mate and loses, they gain the ability to reproduce and if a submissive wishes to mate again but wins will become the dominant, they will however lose the ability to bare the child and instead able to impregnate there new mate.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> I didn't expect to get another chapter out so soon considering how long it seems to take me. Hope you like it. Also, who's excited for Season 3 to start, I know I am.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal has since shifted back to what was aptly considered to be his person suite, his hair however was no longer brushed neatly back after a long day as this day was. But that was acceptable considering the amount of ground Hannibal felt that was covered between the two of them. Granted at the moment Will was emotionally withdrawn, but that was only expected. The young Wendigo was still very much empathic and this day was a drain on him. Hannibal left Will where he sat on the floor in order to make some tea for Will. Something to help soothe his nerves. Chamomile to help Will find himself in a state willing to sleep, normally Hannibal might have considered mild sedatives. But given Will's fragile state in his change, it was deemed too much of a risk.

Which is why he was sorting through possible meals for Will to eat. Someone healthy and fit. Not too much fat, but enough for it to be deemed healthy for a meal. Someone active but not overly athletic.

When the tea was finished, Hannibal had to coax the man off the floor and out of the kitchen to go find somewhere he can freely relax. It was no surprise when Will curled into what was clearly his favourite seat in the living room while watching over his dogs who have since calmed down. It was possibly part of the reason why Will in turn was calming down properly. Not yet talking to Hannibal or even looking at him, it has yet to feel like a rejection though. Right now Will was trying to fit in the new pieces of the puzzle that is each other.

In the meantime, Hannibal went to the bathroom to fix his hair and slick it back so it won't leave trace evidence when he goes and fetches Will's next meal. He figures another full meal like Dr. Sutcliffe would be enough to truly seal the deal in Will's becoming. Perhaps if enough meat was devoured his transformation would be complete? Hannibal could only hope so. Then they can work on Will's control so neither of them would be stuck in Wolf's Trap for much longer. Will might enjoy this place, but Hannibal wanted to go back to the place he created for himself. And he had responsibilities to attend to. His patients can't wait forever.

He will give this three more days before he makes up a decision regarding there current stay here. If it came down to it, Hannibal can have Will temporarily stay at Hannibal's place.

By the time he was finished in the bathroom he was satisfied to see that Will has since dozed off. Pulling the blanket off of the bed he covered Will before leaving. Before he drove off he made sure to put on his plastic coverall on, it has always served it's purpose in protecting his

clothing and making sure nothing is left behind as evidence. Normally he always had hair gel to keep his hair in check so that normally wasn't a problem. If he suspected that he would be longer then planned he would don a hair cap and hair net.

His target was like him in being punctual. Hannibal could respect that, but even that would not save him. If he was more polite while waiting behind Hannibal in line, then they would not meet this way. However, the young man had to be rude and rather discourteous to everyone else most especially to him. It would not help give the man comfort, but his death will be for a good cause. Not that it mattered to Hannibal in the end. This had to be done.

Parking his Bentley out of the way, Hannibal climbed out. No one was in sight and Hannibal took a deep breath in. Without any further hesitation Hannibal crouched out of sight and waited. Patience was the key here.

And if that meant he had to wait thirty five minutes for his target to walk past him, testing his own pulse after a jog. Hannibal was tempted to wash him down before presenting him to Will to eat. The man had a horrible stench to him. Pushing that aside, Hannibal made his move. Three wide steps was all it took for him to reach his target and grab him around the throat with a firm choke hold. Hannibal was mildly surprised with the amount of struggle and attempt at yelling for help. Help that would not be heeded due to the fact that there was no one else around for a few miles. Far enough for Hannibal to get out with time to spare.

No camera's either. It made it all too easy.

Hannibal was pleased by this as he wasted no time in restraining the man and placing him in the trunk. Satisfied that there was no possibility of escape, Hannibal climbed back into his care and made the journey back to Wolf's Trap. After all, it would be best if he didn't waste time and stay away for too long.

By the time Hannibal pulled up, only a couple of hours passed.

This wasn't the problem.

What was the problem was that he found Will Graham sitting on the porch's steps rocking. Will didn't look up even as Hannibal kept his headlights on while he studied the situation momentarily. Hannibal could see that there was a lot of blood, rolling down his window he can immediately pick up the scent and know that none of it was Will's or canine blood. There was no chance that Will would harm one of his dogs. The blood was human though, it was the question of who's blood it was.

With a sigh, barely audible to anyone but himself, Hannibal turned his car off and climbed out. No words were uttered as Hannibal approached Will calmly, even when there was less then three feet between them there was no words spoken. Not by a clearly distraught Will or from Hannibal. It would be a lie if Hannibal said that he wasn't disappointed, but he was. And only faintly did he note to himself that it was unfair to feel such a thing, Will was young and did not know how to control himself. After all, Will didn't know what he was until recently.

Hannibal tried calling his name, more then once. Only after the final time did he get a response, though it was nothing more then a head shake. Hannibal took a moment, clearing

his face of emotion but concern before crouching down in front of Will.

“What happened?” Hannibal asked, noting to himself more then anything he should have made stronger tea.

A bitter sound came out of Will before he mimicked Hannibal's words, but with shame and bitterness. Perhaps there was a bit of self-loathing or a lot of it. Either way, Will was a cocktail of emotion and Hannibal didn't allow himself time to enjoy it. He enjoyed everything about Will's expressiveness both positive and negative.

“Will you need to -” Hannibal started only to be cut off by Will's scoff and words, “I fucked up.” Anger raged in Will at the moment blotting out the shame and guilt and self-loathing. Despite this, Will remained stationary and Hannibal remained crouched in front of Will, studying him and listening keenly to whatever it was that Will would say and did say even without words.

“I only wanted to make a phone call. I just – it was a fit of defiance on my part. I wasn't going to call anyone important. I might not have made a call at all to be honest.” Hannibal listened calmly even as they turned from a frenzied anger to a quieter tone dipped in that very same shame. Will's face crumbled even before he got far into the story and Hannibal could figure what happened even without Will saying it. But Hannibal won't stop Will from bringing to life what he did.

“I walked to my neighbours left of me. They take ca- used to take care of my dogs.” Will's choice of wording only confirmed what was deemed as fact in Hannibal's mind. He took note of location though, this was a mess that he would have to make go away for the time being. Such carelessness would not be forgotten any time soon. But carelessness and mistakes were common in youth. Regardless, Hannibal will take control of this situation and teach Will how to do things properly. Despite his brilliant mind, he required Hannibal's aid to fulfil who Will was meant to be.

“I made it up there drive-way, half way. They were go to bed early so the lights were off.” Hannibal was glade that he has good hearing as he listened carefully. Will understandably was quieter, though no less expressive in his emotions regarding the matter.

“What did you do Will?” Hannibal knows, but he wants Will to say it. Perhaps let this be a lesson in itself?

“I – I was so hungry when I got to the door. Getting in wasn't hard, they rarely locked there doors and there dog wouldn't bark at me. She knows me. I – I made my way to there bedroom. I didn't turn the light on when I – when I – Oh! Oh no.” Will's words were now filled with utter distress and Hannibal could smell the salt of tears before he even saw them spill out of Will's eyes. Will at this point kept repeating two statements.

“I was so hungry.”

“I didn't mean to.”

This went on for thirty minutes without any sign of change. Hannibal had to take control and he did as he grasped Will's shoulders and made the man stop talking and moving. Forcing eye contact Hannibal waited until it was clear he had Will's complete attention. Only when he had it did Hannibal even consider breaking the silence between them, ignoring the pounding in his car. Will didn't notice it yet.

“I need you to go have a shower, a warm one would do you some good.” Hannibal ordered, but didn't let Will go so that he could even consider obeying. Hannibal made a choice to say, “This situation isn't your fault, Will. You are in a process of change. It was to be expected that you would stumble along the way. But as I have stated, I am here to help you. I will take care of this mess.” Will didn't seem like he knew what to say or even think for the moment, it was perfectly understandable and Hannibal was fine with it in the end considering it gave him enough room to move as he wished and needed to. Eventually Hannibal gained a nod from Will as he stood up and went back into the house. His limbs shaky and tense. Hannibal knows that this was to be expected as well.

A muffled call for help was heard. Ignoring it for the moment, Hannibal climbed back into his car and drove to the neighbours house.

As he arrived he noticed that the dog was running around and the door was open. Signs spoke of someone running and Hannibal hoped it would rain to wash away whatever blood there was on the ground. In the meantime, he moved towards the house and silently entering. Immediately his nose was assaulted with the scent of blood and death. It was clear which path was used for Will to make his escape, bloody footprints on the floors. Being careful to avoid stepping in the same area's, he moved upwards and followed the trail to the master bedroom where the smell was strongest.

They clearly died in bed.

Hannibal didn't bother turn on the light, his vision was well enough that he could see what was waiting for him. Two dead bodies with there stomachs opened and chest cavities emptied. The wife looked like she died quickly, her neck snapped so when Will started to feed on her she felt no pain. Her husband on the other hand had the look of pain on his face. He might have been alive when Will started to eat, driven mad in hunger. This would be a sight worthy of Hannibal's drawing. And he will, later.

Right now there was work to be done and evidence to be destroyed.

It would take hours to do.

When this is finished, he would burn the house down to take away everything else. It was a crass decision, but at the moment it would be affordable.

~ The Next Morning ~

By the time Hannibal was finished doing everything he felt was required, the house was spotless in area's where there was blood and the fire has already started to eat at the bodies and surrounding material's as Hannibal exited the house. Sobbing and cries for help from the bound meal waiting in the trunk, no doubt soiled from his own urine and feces. Dehydrated

as well, but not severely yet. His stomach would be empty and that could work well for Will. No need for secondary meal's that has less value in nutrition in the long run.

Satisfied with how the flames overtook the room, Hannibal turned on his car and drove back to Will's house and curious on the state he would find the younger man in now. The amount of emotions that Will went through last night no doubt draining.

As he pulled in there was no sign of Will on the front porch, so Hannibal hoped that Will would be inside rather then trying to either escape or eat someone else. Hannibal was tired and he longed for a shower, he wouldn't want to spend his day cleaning up after Will. Taking a moment, Hannibal made sure no one else was around before emptying his trunk and wincing at the stench. It was enough that Hannibal left his trunk open. He would have to clean that later. First thing's first, Hannibal entered the house and noted the dogs wandering about.

Will was present as well, curled up asleep on the bed soaked in sweat and shivering. Sometime between when Hannibal saw him and now the younger Wendigo was undergoing his transformation. The black has spread and dipped underneath Will's clothing. Antlers were still small, but that is to be expected. Will is young.

One more meal should be enough to finish it.

The man in his grasp started to struggle despite how weak he was from his ordeal so far. Enough noise was made to wake Will who stiffened where he was before cautiously pulling himself into a crouched position on his bed. It was clear that Will could easily lose himself to hunger at the moment, especially considering Will sniffed the air and didn't react to the soiled appearance or scent of the only human amidst them.

“Hannibal-” Will's voice was quiet and almost soft in it's questioning nature. No doubt a a part of him wanting to ask Hannibal what this was, if this was for him. Hannibal would have preferred to bathe Will's meal first so the younger Wendigo wouldn't have to worry about the mess that was made. But if Will wanted to eat, it was best to get this over with. So rather then saying a word to Will, Hannibal walked backwards with the meal who continued to struggle. There destination was the bathroom and preferably the bathtub.

It was clear to Hannibal now what drove Will to follow Hannibal to the bathroom. It was Will's hungered state that didn't diminish despite the meals last night and the emotional strain.

As soon as they were in the bathroom, Will wanted to eat instantly. The only thing stopping him was Hannibal who at first told him no before taking Will by the throat and pushing him back against the now closed door. Hannibal made sure not to be harsh about it and made a point to ignore the fact that Will crouched down against the door and watched as Hannibal removed the meal's clothing so they would not impede Will's hunger. It meant one less mess to clean as well as the clothing was placed inside the garbage. A wrinkle of Will's nose told Hannibal that he clearly didn't appreciate the mess either.

But with the limited time, there was little choice but to forgo the thorough cleaning and just a quick wiping before shoving the man back into the tub.

“Hungry.” It wasn't needed to be said, it was clear to Hannibal that this is the case. But he wouldn't fault Will either. Hannibal watched Will for the moment as he twitched and seemed to be trying his hardest to restrain himself. Clearly expecting to be stopped again. Hannibal shook his head again, Will did not have permission to eat yet. Instead Hannibal took care of Will's clothing as soon as he managed to get Will to stand up. Not once was he resisted, instead Will's attention was on the fact that his meal was currently trying to get out of the bathtub. The restraints Hannibal had him in clearly did there job. The gag however came off and almost instantly, he screamed. It was enough to drive Will to a near frenzy. But then, at the moment this wasn't entirely Will. This was his more baser instinct of hunger and the need to feed was near blinding.

Hannibal gave Will permission and even encouraged him to eat, Hannibal took it upon himself to silence the screams until they were mere muffled versions. Enough to drive Will onward. This time Will didn't need Hannibal's help in breaking bone as his own talons broke through flesh with ease. It was a pleasing sight to watch as Will gorged himself on the man's offal's.

Will only paused in his eating to offer the man's heart to Hannibal, a tilt of the head would make the scene look almost innocent if not for the blood and blackened flesh. Hannibal had no need to muffle the now deceased man leaned against the bathtub's sides and leaned in enough to take a bite of the offered organ. Enjoying the gesture and the moment more so then the human flesh despite the alluring taste of it.

Chapter End Notes

Keep in mind, all facts are fictional for the sake of story

Wendigo Fun fact for Story: Once a Wendigo hits maturity and is considered to be an adult, it takes higher doses of most products to effect Wendigo's then it would for a human. But while a Wendigo is in the stage of maturing after there initial change (like Will), they can be effected by the same doses/products as it would take to effect a human.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The following days was exactly as Hannibal expected, and now thankful that he himself did not remember this part of his own turning.

Despite the antlers and claws and blackened flesh that Will had while devouring the meal Hannibal has brought him in the tub, it wasn't until after this meal was finished he actual change really started to set in. And not for the first time, Hannibal was thankful for the isolation Will managed to carve out for himself. Will's change was both breathtakingly beautiful and stomach turning horror.

Will writhed and yelled and cried out in his agony. It got bad enough that Hannibal had to restrain Will and at times forcefully silence him without harming or in turn being harmed. It wasn't easy and oftentimes Hannibal had to deal with injuries. Nothing life threatening or serious, a couple of stitches the odd time but nothing that wouldn't heal within due time.

Regardless, Hannibal could not get angry. Seeing Will in this state, Hannibal now knows without doubt what he himself has gone through so very long ago.

The outer appearance was the easy change, the antlers were already there from the first time Will started and the blackened flesh and claws only had to spread across the rest of his bodies. No, what caused the pain was the inner changes going on.

Organs shifting and changing to make room for more and improving already present organs. Muscles straining under Will's blackened skin, twitching and tightening. Muscles that will help overpower his prey should Will keep up his hunting prowess in the future, with Hannibal's aid of course. The moments when Will opened his eyes, Hannibal could see more and more red as though the human in him was being forced out. If only this were true, it would make things easier in assisting Will in the coming future.

Grooves were carved into the bathroom floor and walls from Will's claws and his antlers. Hannibal noted that the damage would have to be repaired sooner rather than later. If only to stop future questions from happening. Will's dogs were cowering as far from the bathroom as they could. This was a frightening experience for them as it was painful for Will.

Towels were used for Will to bite and cling to during the worst of it. All the while, Hannibal stayed at his side. When he is sure that Will would not remember it, Hannibal hummed and sometimes sang an old lullaby from his youth so very long ago. It used to be enough to calm himself and in time his sister. He liked to think that it was what eased some of Will's torment as well, but that was perhaps his own childish thinking. As rare as it was, for Hannibal.

In the end, it took a total of four days.

After those four days, Hannibal went to work cleaning. First the remnants of a meal devoured to the bone in most area's. Both by Will and afterwards by Hannibal as he kept watch over Will's change. This made it easier to dispose of in the end. The blood cleaned away and plans to renovate this bathroom was set aside in his mind to bring to Will, it would be a good way to cover up whatever Hannibal couldn't get ride of. Will seemed like the type who might be able to do the renovation himself, so that saved them the problem of possible witnesses.

Will was currently placed upstairs once he was sufficiently cleaned though it was a struggle to get Will's co-operation when the young Wendigo simply wanted to sleep due to the exhaustion his change caused. Going so far as to nip at Hannibal and bare his teeth in an attempt at aggression despite how tired Will was. Something Hannibal stopped before it got worse, the last thing he needed was for Will to start challenging him more then he already did.

The last time Hannibal checked on Will, the young Wendigo was curled into a ball with sharp edges nearly everywhere. A subconscious means of defence while asleep even though there was still vulnerable places.

Will was for all purposes, fully formed at this stage. At least the physical part of it was over and Will survived it thanks to Hannibal's diligence. Will would still require a lot of supervision in the coming future to make sure he's eating properly and taking care of himself. Starvation could still kill him if Will were to refuse his true nature. And all of Hannibal's hard work would be for nothing. So this could not come to pass.

Hannibal would have to teach Will how to hunt properly, despite his empathy and imagination Will still had to learn. How to get used to his new senses and adapt to his surroundings. Will hasn't felt the effects of greater senses, but when he wakes regardless of which form he was in. Will would learn. For the moment however, it was best to start slow. Let Will get used to what he was first. That in itself would take time, it wasn't like it was with Hannibal who knew what he was from birth. Will had to learn so late in his life.

With Will upstairs, Hannibal found himself satisfied with the situation for the moment and the fact that there was little chance of Will going anywhere when he was doing exactly what he wanted to do for the time. And that was sleep. So Hannibal was left to continue reading the book he started, more so enjoying Will's insight to the book. Hannibal's own planner was tucked to the side of the seat he set claim to. He was good for another week before it was an absolute must that he returned to work. He had patients and responsibilities to attend to outside of his current responsibility.

There was also the matter that in two weeks he had a meeting with a new possible patient, paid for by her brother. One Margot Verger.

For most of the day Hannibal took the time to finish reading the book as well as checking the online newspapers about any information regarding the fire that burned down the next door neighbours house, hiding the fact that a double murder took place. Or more correctly, a Wendigo simply taking in a meal. Although carelessly. And what he found was only bits and pieces. Otherwise the investigation was still being carried out. It wasn't Hannibal's most favorite outcome, but it was workable. He did make sure to cover his tracks and Will's tracks before setting the fire. And it was dark, so chances of someone seeing Will go over was slim.

Even slimmer in regards to himself simply because Hannibal knows how to watch his surroundings at another level then what Will currently knows how to.

The sound of a vehicle could be heard turning into the winding driveway leading to Will's inner sanctuary away from the rest of the world. With a slight frown that was straightened out and set away even before Hannibal saw Jack Crawford's car park next to Hannibal's own. It was occupied by two people. Jack and Alana. Two people he did not wish to see and did not wish to be here so soon. Will was upstairs and looking like his Wendigo self rather then the human appearance the public recognizes.

It wouldn't serve Hannibal well if they came too far into the house with a Wendigo who lacks control. As delightful as it might be, it proved more useful to meet them outside. Placing himself on the top of the porch's steps while they stopped just at the foot of it. Greeting Hannibal with a smile, more so Alana then Jack. Though pleasure could be picked out in the old agent's eyes. Greeting them with a polite greeting and received a return of the same greeting.

It was as clear as day on the matter they were here for, Will Graham. Jack wasn't fond of the fact that he lost his most prized profiler. Alana was here to protect Will from whatever came up in this discussion, she always had a protective edge to her. Especially when it came to Will Graham despite her own curiosities. And perhaps that was one thing that made her a force to reckon with, for most people that was. She was never afraid of speaking her mind and has always done so with grace and necessary poise. It was part of the reason Hannibal enjoyed her company.

“It's been some time since Will's been taken out of the field.” Jack started off, a tight look instantly showed in Alana's face. She wasn't entirely fond of the other reason Jack came here besides checking in with how Will's doing. Hannibal figured, and he can suspect he is correct to do so, that this is why she accompanied him. It was commendable, but unneeded at this point. Hannibal would not allow his hard work to be undone by the stubborn agent.

And on that same note, things will drastically have to be changed in regard to key players in the greater scheme of things. But that could be carefully dealt with in time.

“I know why he was pulled from field work. But why is he not teaching still? How long is this thing going to last?” Jack's questions were expected and as always, to the point. It was something respectable in Jack. Hannibal could respect someone who was as driven and as direct as Jack is. However, this was not the time for it. And it was even less appreciated by Hannibal.

There is clear disapproval on Alana's face. It seems that this has been the topic of choice between them beforehand. Despite her own disapproval and anger at the situation, Alana as graceful as always put forth her own question of, “How is he?” This was a question that could have been asked over the phone, but of course the circumstances were different and it was a question asked in person.

Hannibal will focus on Alana's question first. Branch off from there.

But he needed above all else, to remove them both from the property before someone wakes and Hannibal's hand is forced.

“There is some signs of improvement, from when I first wrote the letter. However, as we deal with some issues at hand, I discover more buried problems that we are slowly working at as well. Will was quite skilled in concealing it, even from me or else it would have been included in the letter.” These words were spoken with just enough concern that Hannibal was well aware that Alana would instantly jump at the chance to use it to defend Will against Jack if needed. Jack on the other hand, was not entirely too pleased with what he was hearing.

“I need Will back in the field. I need his insight on current cases and possible future cases. How long do you think this would take, to get him ready and hopefully cleared for field work. I'm only saying this because Will saves lives.” Jack was persistent, Hannibal had to give him that much. Trying to go through the old argument of saving lives, one Hannibal has gone through with Will himself. The younger Wendigo has very little regard for his own well-being. Something that has to change.

If Will Graham was human, Hannibal would have no problem allowing this to continue to see just how resilient his potential companion was. Hannibal would have never had Will pulled from the field and out of Jack's heavy-handed grasp.

But not now and certainly not by someone who was human. Hannibal has reserved now all rights to be his and his alone.

“At what cost?” Hannibal asked, Alana instantly agreed non-verbally as she too now turned towards Jack. Outnumbered but persistent, Jack remained where he stood. Hannibal gave him a chance to speak, when he did not take it nor did Alana take a chance to add her own point to the matter, Hannibal pushed forward, “It is my responsibility as his friend and as his psychiatrist to look out for his best interest. If I had not written that letter, having Will pulled for the sake of his emotional and in turn physical health I fear what would have happened. He could have very well harm himself or harm someone else.”

Alana looked exceptionally pleased with this, going so far as sending Hannibal a look of gratitude. Unneeded but accepted with a slight nod.

Of course this did nothing for Jack's mood, going so far as once again trying to find a way to get what he wanted. And that was Will back in the field and working cases. Growing tired of this situation, Hannibal did the unthinkable for most who knew him.

He cut Jack off.

A simple gesture of his hand was all it took.

“If you please, I have calls to make and Will is resting. I believe you have outstayed your welcome for the time being. If you wish, we can schedule a meeting at a later date to discuss Will and any possible future reinstatement to fieldwork. However, Will's emotional and physical well-being comes first.” Hannibal stated, his words leaving no room for further discussion on the matter that is Will Graham. Alana seems willing to follow and leave it at

that, but then again she seemed to have gotten what she wanted and seemed quite satisfied. Jack was the opposite, but it would seem he respected Hannibal enough to back down.

Before they left, they brought up the tragedy of what happened next door. Jack wasn't on the case, it wasn't in his jurisdiction but it was still on the news and close enough to Will's house that it caught there attention. If only superficially. For the moment. Hannibal behaved as though he was surprised and promised to keep an eye out on Will's property in case it was arson and there was an arsonist within the area. Even Jack seemed pleased with this, and they both left.

Hannibal didn't move until they were out of sight, he wished that he didn't have to speak with them so soon and it only proved that he would no doubt have Jack to deal with again in the future if the short text of taking him up on the offer of a meeting was any indication. The dogs were starting to venture back into the house comfortably, now that the worst of the situation was over. Checking there water and food quickly Hannibal quickly moved on towards the stairs leading to upstairs where Will was.

Only to stop at the bottom when he spotted a crouched Will at the top of the stairs, no longer appearing as a Wendigo but curled in a ball tightly watching Hannibal carefully.

“Good morning Will.”

Chapter End Notes

I am terribly sorry that I took so long to get this chapter done and for it being shorter then the other chapters. And curious, what did everyone think of the Season 3 ending?

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal allowed Will to come down from where he was crouched on his own terms, it would be best to do so. Hannibal wanted Will to be here on his own will and not by Hannibal enforcing it. It was a gentle way of allowing Will to readjust himself to his new senses and his new reality of what he was and how things have changed between them. Nothing more then Hannibal assisting Will has happened, but they both were clear on one thing.

There was no going back.

Once Will did come down, Hannibal allowed him to busy himself with his dogs outside. It was clear that Will was exploring his own new senses outside, almost in a manner that reminded Hannibal of the guarded glee of a child. The dogs were happy to chase after Will or be chased, one big play session that was innocent despite what Will is and will be more then capable of doing.

Hannibal himself remained inside, busying himself with lunch using the meagre left over's from the past few days. But Hannibal has worked with less before and it won't be too much trouble making a decent meal out of what he finds. This was a time for Will to let go of everything and focus on what he was doing and letting himself enjoy it. This was a time for Hannibal to make a few decisions.

He would like Will to come live with him, and use Hannibal's own environment to learn and adjust further. Will may seem like he was accepting what has happened, but he still had to fully embrace it beyond a friendly play session with canines. It would also give Hannibal the opportunity to further Will being co-dependance on him, after all Hannibal still wanted a companion and now he can have one who was like him rather then a human who was like-minded.

They can have the world, and Hannibal seemed to like the idea of being able to give that to Will.

It was frightening, almost. How easy Hannibal has became attached to one individual in such a short time, but to be realistic with himself that attachment was first formed in the Hobbs kitchen with a girl's life at his mercy and doing the opposite of what Hannibal may have been tempted to if not for his situation with Will at the time. Abigail could still be there adopted daughter, despite her being only a human.

It just left Hannibal with the problem of having Will agree and allow himself to become something more. To allow him to further evolve from what he was.

With his mind set, Hannibal sought out Will to inform him that lunch was ready only to find Will staring down his own driveway with a distant look. No one was coming and there was nothing to be seen there, it told Hannibal that Will went inwards and the dogs were clearly

used to this and carried on playing amongst themselves. Faint panting could be heard, Will tired himself out. And this could be useful.

“Will.” Hannibal called out, not touching Will but standing just within his line of sight. Hannibal repeated himself a couple more times before moving in front of Will completely. It was this that drew Will's attention back outward, though not giving away anything.

“I smelt them. When they were here, it was jarring.” Will admits to Hannibal and Hannibal suppressed a pleased expression. Will's first experience with his keen senses was with sense of smell and that made Hannibal happy because that was his own first experience. They were so alike in so many ways, yet so vastly different as well.

“I still smell them.” Will pointed out. Hannibal nodded and confirmed that he would be smelling them for a bit now, but there scent like any other scent was bound to fade. Especially considering they didn't touch anything during this particular visit.

“I couldn't focus on what they were saying, I could just focus on there scent and-” Will stated before his face crumbled in distress, Hannibal knows the rest of the sentence. Will's hunger let the young Wendigo know that instinctively he now saw his co-worker and friend as nothing more then food. It was a hard thing for Will to feel and he would have to get used to it especially since he would have to fight the instinct that would have him eat there adopted daughter just like any other human.

Will buried his face in his hands and started to curl over, no doubt going to allow himself to fall into a fetal position. It would be counter productive at the moment, and Hannibal would like Will inside and eating before there lunch gets cold. So as much as he would rather Will come to him, Hannibal made the choice of pulling Will into a hug. Much like the one he once pulled Abigail into. Tight and protective, giving a sturdy form to lean on and find some sort of shelter in. It was a testament to Will's own emotional state when he didn't pull away and allowed Hannibal to hold him.

“They are my-” Will started to say, though it was muffled by Hannibal's shoulder and Hannibal was mildly surprised at how small Will could become almost on whim. It was hard to hear Will continue, but he did with a simple, “-and I wanted to eat them.” It was always fascinating to listen to the way Will spoke, some lesser people found it disconcerting and unsettling. But Hannibal found he could listen to Will speak for hours and not be bored.

He would like to sit in on one of Will's lectures one day.

“And this is why I am here, Will. I want to help you.” Hannibal pointed out calmly, and it was the truth. Hannibal did want to help Will, it would be the most prudent way of going about matters in there future. It took some control to be able to pull away from a still distressed Will, but he had to get them inside to eat. Given Will's mood, it was far easier then he could have expected. For this, Hannibal was grateful as he seated Will in his spot and served lunch.

Will stared at his plate for a moment before picking up the fork with a sigh and started eating. It was only after Will started to eat that Hannibal started in on his own meal. He waited to

attempt any conversation until they were over half done eating, making sure that if it comes down to it and Will leaves the table he would still have something in his stomach.

“That's what you keep saying.” Will pointed out, and Hannibal had to ask, “Do you doubt me? My intentions?” Hannibal found himself wishing for a decent glass of wine instead of water. But even he couldn't have everything.

“I know your intentions, I don't doubt it.” Will said, pushing the last bit of his meal around on the plate. Something that did annoy Hannibal, but this was not the time to correct that behaviour and instead he focused on Will who for the moment seemed so resigned to everything. Will knows of Hannibal's intentions, he knows of Hannibal's wish to assist him in his growth. Will knows who Hannibal is, but not who he was. This would come in there future, when they are at a place with each other and no secrets have room to remain.

To Hannibal it seemed like a bright future if everything goes well.

“And yet I hear doubt.” Hannibal pointed out as he finished the last remains of his own meal before setting it aside, normally he would like to wash it right away but this discussion had to be seen to the end and Hannibal will remain in place until then.

Will's breathing increased slightly, not enough to cause concern but it was a warning sign for Hannibal. One his training as a psychiatrist taught him to watch for.

“Will.” At his own name, Will stood up and Hannibal watched as he paced the kitchen a few times before settling against the counter with his arms crossed. A small form of protection, though he does not need it. Not from Hannibal, not currently.

“I don't-” Will started, shaking his head was the main cause of interruption before the young man continued, “I don't know what to do with any of this situation. Yes, Dr. Lecter I am well aware of your wish to help me with this. I am well aware of what you want from me. But, I don't know what to think about this! Any of this!” This was to be expected, however Hannibal being an optimist only saw this as a good sign. Will accepted what he was, he may not enjoy it at the moment but he accepts it. It was his situation with Hannibal that was causing most of the reactions that Will was having. Though not all of it.

Hannibal stood up, watched as Will braced himself but chose to ignore it and not point it out for Will's dignity if nothing else. He tasked himself in clearing the table and setting Will's left over's on a smaller plate should he get hungry later. A snack is always a good way to use up some left over's.

“Will, I need you to listen to me. You don't have to have every answer right now. You've only just entered this stage of your life and you have years to figure things out before you become a full fledged adult. So please, do me the courtesy and not stress yourself about it all at once.” Hannibal made sure his voice was calm, letting the man's empathy feed off of that and hopefully Will would allow himself to calm down. It wasn't working too much, considering the fact that Will frowned, but it was something at least.

“What do you mean, this stage of my life? Are you saying I'm not an adult?” Will pointed out and Hannibal let out a small bit of laughter, more air then anything but the amusement was

genuine. Has Will not been present for most of there conversations about what he was?

“By human standards, you are most certainly an adult Will. But by a Wendigo's standards you're nothing more then an adolescent.” Hannibal explained, he could see it now. Will would need a lot of reminding about what he was. And Hannibal thanked his own patience that he would be willing to repeat those conversations again should Will need it. There was also the fact that it was Will who required it that made it easier.

Will frowned and Hannibal could allow himself to be thankful that Will wasn't on a verge of panicking or losing control of himself.

“And before the change?” Will asked and Hannibal allowed himself a smile, his eyes showed more amusement then his smile did as he answered with a calm, “A child.” Will seemed comically speechless at the moment and Hannibal was quite amused that he gained such a reaction that was not expected but welcomed.

“I'm 34 years old. How am I a child?” It was clear to Hannibal, that Will wasn't entirely too pleased with being referred to as a child. Hannibal rolled up his sleeves, fully intending of doing the dishes, he couldn't just leave them for later regardless of where he was currently staying.

“Wendigo's age slowly, I myself am an adult and have been for quite some time now.” Hannibal pointed out as he filled the sink full of hot water and dish soap that made his nose wrinkle. Given the fact that Will wasn't entirely too bothered with the scent, it only showed that Will wasn't about to be making drastic changes in his preferences when it comes to products.

“How old are you?” Will asked, turning to face Hannibal. Not moving to assist him in cleaning just yet. Clearly his priorities were with finding a bit more about Hannibal first. The attention was acceptable, however he would prefer to have some sort of assistance considering he was the one who cooked.

“I was born 1933.” Hannibal answered, to be honest he himself didn't consider himself all that old. But to Will's shocked expression it would seem that Will would beg the differ, and perhaps seeing a bit of what he himself would have to look forward to. Hannibal made it clear that Will was to assist in drying when he placed a dish towel in his hands. Hannibal pointedly ignored Will.

Talking so freely about himself was disconcerting to say the least. Though in the same breath, it was refreshing.

But talking about himself like this seemed to invite ghosts. The sound of a child crying his name could be heard in the distance. His something. His sister. Mischa. A young girl killed and eaten by humans, and he himself who had cannibalized her. Without his knowledge. World War II in all it's horrors. Despite what he was, and what they were. It was a traumatizing situation and Hannibal despite what he is, was powerless.

“Needlessly said, you won't be able to live her forever. Eventually people will start to realize that you are not ageing like them. You will have to move. You will have to establish yourself

somewhere else.” Hannibal pointed out calmly as he drained the sink. Will seemed to be deep in thought and Hannibal was glad, if Will was paying attention to Hannibal he would have spotted some of Hannibal's old emotions surfacing briefly. His rage. His pain. His sorrow.

“How-” Will's voice was once again giving away his distress even as he continued, “-how can I do that?” Hannibal could understand, and from Will's perspective that notion must seem so daunting at this point. Especially given everything he has, was something he went to school for and worked for. It wouldn't be easy for him to jump into a new career without showing some sort of proof of education or right for it.

Luckily identities and information was always for sale and it was how Hannibal became a psychiatrist. Thirty years ago he was a surgeon. Although that was a difficult job considering his own appetite.

“Where there is a will, dear Will, there is a way.” Hannibal pointed out, putting on a smile in hopes that his answer would at least ease some of Will's stress. If only for now, they could deal with other stresses as they come. Will didn't seem to really appreciate Hannibal's response but kept silent about it for the moment as he dried the dishes before moving from the kitchen to tend to his dogs. The idea of having to leave his carved out place in the world was no doubt a daunting one.

But Hannibal was here to assist him should he need assistance.

There was also the discussion of having Will stay with him, until at least he learns to control himself better and Hannibal had every faith that Will can learn given the man's strength in resilience and adapting. After all, look at where they are now.

Chapter End Notes

I am aware that this is a bit short. And I apologize for that, though I can feel the story coming to an end and I need to wrap it up so rather then forcing this chapter to increase in length I decided to cut it off. I know there is a lot of things that I could be playing with, like Jack and Alana. With the Verger's. But it just wouldn't go well with this particular story, I do plan and hope to be able to make this into a series and have one shots where I can freely play with situations at a later date for these two. The epilogue will wrap up this story and make the pairing between Hannibal and Will a bit more solid then the one sided feel I keep giving it every now and again up to this point.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the weeks that followed, things were certainly eventful. Hannibal could find no fault in it though, most of it was going his way and everyone was powerless in understanding what was really going underneath the finely crafted veneer of who he was in public's eye. Hannibal will have to work with Will in regards to his public life, but that can come with time and thus far Hannibal is more then willing to allow Will the time to do so on his own terms.

Framing Will is no longer something Hannibal has any intention of doing, after all he couldn't care for Will if the young Wendigo was trapped and suffering a slow death from starvation is something that would have came to pass. And grooming Will while he was affected by the effects of Encephalitis is no longer an option as well. With both off the table, it will be a lot harder to groom Will. It would be a challenge to say the least, and one Hannibal found invigorating.

After all, right now Will was near submissive in his lack of knowledge and skills. But eventually Will is going to bite back, fight in his own way. But it will be a private fight. And who knows, it could very well go from a fight to something far closer to foreplay. If there was any difference between the two for Wendigo's.

Turning his attention in another direction, Hannibal was satisfied with how things were going in that front as well.

Dr. Frederick Chilton was slowly falling victim in careful maneuverings all thanks to Hannibal. He fit the profile of the Chesapeake Ripper after all, and even though he would be nothing but a pale shadow to Hannibal. It would work, so long as everyone stayed blind until it was time to set things into motion. All the while, Hannibal was slowly pulling any records of himself out of public eye. This is done by swamping records with half truths and bold faced lies. Done very slowly.

The good Agent Jack Crawford, was plied with meals and quick to respond consultations on his cases. Given a sympathetic ear of a friend in regards to his failures to catch the Ripper and failure to find out about his wife's cancer until too late. If only he knew the truth.

All the while, instinct was telling Hannibal it may be time to move. Perhaps visit Florence again?

But for the moment, Hannibal had Will move in with him. The dogs kept in the backyard in a kennel that was constructed to Hannibal's high expectations. It would give Will something to do and it would give him a way to get out of the house when he needs space. Take his dogs back to Wolf Trap or the dog park to run off the boundless energy they seemed to have. Will appreciated the gesture, it made things a tad bit easier for them in regards to being in the same place despite the fact that Will wasn't pleased with having to move in with Hannibal.

But he understood the threat of him being on his own while he isn't able to control his appetite. His neighbour's proving to be useful in death as an example.

There was also no need to state that Will moving in with Hannibal was a shock to nearly everyone when they unavoidably found out. Most believed it to deal with Will's emotional state, and in a sense there was no lie in that. But it was for a larger reason. Only the beautiful Bella suspected the truth, yet remained silent. Once this news had time to sink in, that was when the rumours started. Mostly in regards to the non-existent relationship they believed that Hannibal and Will possessed. And despite Hannibal now wanting this to be more then simple gossip, it was not something to rush.

So he won't. He had time after all. And Will was still slightly too young anyway.

Will didn't appreciate the rumours, fought them whenever he could and that only made it worse at times. Eventually the young Wendigo would learn to just let it go, but for now he will just have to live with the consequences of a pointless fight. Hannibal on the other hand can understand why some came to this conclusion. Hannibal was a bit of a socialite as to where Will was introverted and the complete opposite, yet out of the blue he started to spend plenty of time with Hannibal. There has been no relationships in either of their lives either, something that only added fuel to the fire of this particular rumour. Alana was the only one who refuted that by bringing up Will's crush on her.

Something that left a bad taste in Hannibal's mouth. He liked her, he cherished the friendship they shared and her ingenuity when the situation calls for it. But the idea of her with someone like Will did not fit in his mind. In the end however, that did not matter as he moved past that thought and checked on Will who was in the study sitting stiffly and not sure of himself. Hannibal will have to help him settle and relax, this was going to be his home until he can safely control his own hungers.

Until then, Hannibal is happy to provide both shelter and food for a friend. A soon to be equal in every way.

Will has yet to return to work, though Hannibal knows he will want to soon. Will was a very independent person as it is, he would want to pay his own bills and look after his dogs on his own dime. He did not want to look to Hannibal to look after him as though he was a child. Though in a sense, that is what he was. Adolescent or not.

And it was this that kept Hannibal from pursuing Will beyond companionship. He was confident that it will come one day, something more now that Hannibal was completely sure that this was what he wanted. How funny it was to realize that something like this would come about, that he would wake up one day to find not only another Wendigo but one that he wanted something to do with them.

If he didn't, Will would not be here today. It was that simple.

“Supper will be within a half an hour.” Hannibal spoke, his words calm and confident as usual. Will nodded and Hannibal found him hot on Hannibal's heel, no doubt deciding it would be better to have some distraction from his own discomfort. Not that Hannibal minded,

he did enjoy company in his kitchen while he cooked at times. Especially when that company could only add to the conversation in an interesting way.

“What will be be having?” Will asked, it was clear that a part of him wanted to ask Hannibal who they were eating. But he resisted, still resisting some things of his own nature. Hannibal expected this and he will be patient with Will in regards to it. Will is young, and he had a great deal of potential. To adapt. To evolve. To become. And Hannibal found he was anticipating what could come out on top with a new vigour of excitement he hasn't felt since his youth. A near intoxicating sensation.

“A simple dish of Beef Carpaccio with Arugula. Served with a glass of Raymond Tournier Ventoux.” Hannibal stated, he really did love cooking and finding drinks to pair it with. Granted in his youth he was far from successful in this, but with anything one must practice often to perfect. And that is what he did and it led him to being where he was in regards to his cooking and people's hunger for his cooking. If only they new who they were eating every time they graced his table.

Will helped by setting the table as Hannibal set the dishes up to his standards before bringing both plates to the table. The wine was already there and the wine glasses already filled. Hannibal was sure to thank him for his contribution to tonight's supper even though it was simply setting the table and pouring the drinks.

Will at the start seemed a bit apprehensive in the blunt raw meat on his plate, but hunger drove him to eat it with Hannibal. Though it is noted that the apprehension is considerably less then what it was, and destined to become non-existent. In the past, Will would offer his compliments to Hannibal's cooking, at the moment Hannibal let silence be that compliment especially as it led to an empty plate.

Once they were half finished their meal's, conversation started to take the place of soft music playing in the background. One of the subjects was Abigail. And Hannibal confirmed that she was only human. As for what was going to happen to her, Hannibal couldn't answer. Although she was no longer as important in her role, she was still of some importance and it will be this that will save her life. Up until it doesn't, Will didn't know that Hannibal had every intention of killing her like her father did if it came down to that. And unlike her father, Hannibal would not do such a poor job.

It was a very satisfying sensation to provide in such a manner. Something Hannibal can easily say that he did not expect. And it was something that he will not give up without a fight.

And who knew, perhaps one day it will be Will providing the meat for their table.

~ Sneak Peek into One Possible Future ~

Hannibal stood out in the cold, overlooking Wolf Trap. The snow and the air had a bite too it, but that was hardly acknowledged and hardly important. What was important was that it was a beautiful day and the car parked in Will's driveway was recognizable as Freddie Lounds vehicle. She was far too clever for her own good and always seemed to have it out for Will.

And it was because of that she has brought herself to the right place at the right time.

Will Graham's barn, where parts of Randall Tier's true self remained hanging after the delusional boy attacked Will. What provoked it, was beyond Hannibal and something deemed irrelevant so long as it doesn't lead the FBI back to Will or to Hannibal himself.

Gunshots.

And with a shift of the wind, the scent of fear and gunpowder. Both of which had a good scent. But scent paled in comparison as he watched as Freddie dashed from the barn in a last ditch effort to save her own life. Will-his Will was close behind. Far more confident and in control today then he was six months ago. No longer living with Hannibal full time, but still there as much as the young Wendigo could stand. He loved his privacy just as much as he seemed to love his dogs.

Though this did little to discourage Hannibal. It just provided him with a challenge for the day he decides to attempt to court Will back to him, but in a more fulfilling union.

The sound of glass breaking and a shriek was almost like music to Hannibal's ears as he watched as Miss Lounds was pulled from her vehicle.

Hannibal wondered, what part of her will they eat?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it, and sorry the last chapter was short. It felt best to end it like this.

End Notes

I don't know how long this story will be and hopefully I won't butcher the characters too badly. Also hopefully I didn't get the recipe I found online to use in this chapter too badly wrong. Forgive the slightly corny title...

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